

P O E T R Y,

BY

RICHARD CRASHAW.

WITH

Some Account of the AUTHOR; and an
Introductory Address to the READER,

BY

PEREGRINE PHILLIPS.

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BY

RICHARD CRASHAW.



Some Account of the Author; and an
Introduction, Addressed to the Reader.

BY

PERRINE PHILLIPS.

238 6/16
P O E T R Y,
BY
RICHARD CRASHAW,
WHO WAS A
CANON IN THE CHAPEL
OF
L O R E T T O,
AND DIED THERE, IN THE YEAR
1650.

With some Account of the AUTHOR; and an
Introductory Address to the READER,

BY
PEREGRINE PHILLIPS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,

Author of the *Briggsbeimfons Diary*, and many Tracts, relative to the late
Disputes between Great Britain and North America.

Magna est veritas, & prevalebit.

L O N D O N :
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MDCC LXXXV.

P. O. F. T. R. Y.

RICHARD GRASHAW,

CANON IN THE CHURCH



AND DIED THERE, IN

1530.

With some Account of the Author's Life and
Character, and the Reasons

FOR HIS REFORMATION.

BY
JAMES GRASHAW, ESQ.

Author of the 'History of the Church of England'

LONDON:

PRINTED BY R. B. FOR THE AUTHOR

And in the Strand, near the Theatre Royal.

MDCCLXXXV.

A D D R E S S
TO THE
R E A D E R.

THE EDITOR introduces to Public consideration, part of the Poetical Works of an Author, very little known; to which he has been encouraged, by the favourable reception given to several extracts, he some years since inserted in the daily prints, and by the many inquiries that have been made in consequence.

Mr. RICHARD CRASHAW lived, for a short series of years, before the middle of the last Century; and was an object of resentment to the *Protestants*, for having changed his religion, in the puritanical times, from the Church of ENGLAND, to that of ROME; his book, containing some Church-Services, and doctrinal persuasives, to the Countess of *Denbigh*

A

and

and others, was, in a great measure, ¹ suppressed, and as he finished a *short*, studious life, in the year 1650, the latter end whereof, was wholly devoted to solitude and religious offices, in the Chapel of LORETTO, it may not seem extraordinary, that no friend or relation should have attempted to rescue his remembrance from oblivion; but something is due to Works of Merit, if not to the authors; and though it may be deemed wonderful, that writers of eminence in the English Language, should have joined in a poetical confederacy, to divest this poor Gentleman of his rights, and dress themselves in his borrowed robes, without the smallest acknowledgment; yet, how much will the wonder encrease, when the sweetest versifier, declaredly at least of the same persuasion, is found among the number; for whoever reads Mr. POPE's Epitaph on ELIJAH FENTON, will be obliged to confess, that he has not only adopted the thoughts, but in some places, the very words of our Author's Epitaph on Mr. ASHTON:

¹ The Book is exceeding scarce, and the first Edition was published in 1646.

ASHTON: POPE's *feint* praise might therefore be the most probable means of secreting his obligations, to one, whom he affects rather to contemn, which appears by his Epistolary Correspondence, upon this subject, with *H. Cromwell*, Esq; for the sake of candor it is subjoined: Nor is this all, for *Milton* sold his copy of the *Paradise Lost*, April 27, 1667, above twenty years after the first appearance of CRASHAW's *Sofpetto D'Herode*, and the reader will discover how serviceable to that sublime writer it must have been: with sorrow are we constrained to add, he will not discover, that the service derived, or even the name of the Author was ever acknowledged: *Dr. Young*, *Mr. Grey*, and many other celebrated British Poets are in the same predicament; but to particularize further, would be, in some degree, an insult to the intelligent reader; besides, this inquiry is instituted more to do justice, than to arraign; and happy is it for this enlightened age, that the present æra of religious moderation, will allow an administration of justice to the long-since departed.

This

This Publication is promoted by a MODERATE PROTESTANT, and, therefore, whatever relates to Theological controversy, has been carefully omitted, which makes the work comparatively small; but sure, it will be allowed, it is not on that account less deserving; and the inquisitive Reader will, nevertheless, meet with sufficient matter to amuse and gratify his attention:—Honest men may differ upon speculative points, nay, it cannot be otherwise, they must; the different visual powers, throw different lights and shades upon the same objects;—some minds may be even warped by interest, or the prejudice of education; yet, the use of mental faculties, and the flights of soaring Genius, should never be obscured to the world:—The PAINTER will find in these verses, a splendid assemblage of powerful Images and grand Ideas, according to the opinion of the late ingenious Mr. *Mortimer*, and other capital Artists;—the PLAYER, tho' our Author wrote against Plays, as is reported by the learned and venerable *Selden*,² where he boasts of having converted *Crasshaw*, from
his

² In his *Table-Talk*, page 37.

his opinion to their prejudice, may draw infinite advantage from his Personification, and Description of the Passions, as more than one Dramatic Performer of the first-rate class, has assured the Editor;—and the POET will—but enough,—too many have already plunder'd the Hive, and endeavoured to destroy the industrious Bee, to leave it doubtful; above all, TRUTH will prevail, and abler Advocates may be stimulated to assist, in restoring literary merit to its proper station in the Temple of FAME, without respect to the efforts of envious Malevolence, or the cunning and confined Systems, of Church-craft, State-craft, or *Literary* craft.

For the above Reasons, little more can be learnt of the Author, than may be drawn from the *Athenæ Oxonienses* of the faithful Antiquarian ³Wood, which shall therefore be given in his own words,

Fasti

³ As a proof of his fidelity, the 29th July, 1693, *Anthony A. Wood* was censured, in the Chancellor's court, at *Oxford*, for reflecting upon the Earl of *Clarendon*: The 2d vol. of his *Ath. Ox.* was burnt, and himself expelled the University.

* *Fasti Oxonienses*, An. Dom. 1641, 17th Car. I.

‘ Among the Incorporations, this year,
 ‘ RICHARD CRASHAW, of *Cambridge*, was in-
 ‘ corporated; not that it appears so in the pub-
 ‘ lic register, but in the private observations of a
 ‘ certain Master of Arts, that was, this year, living
 ‘ in the University; but in what degree he was
 ‘ incorporated, those observations mention not.
 ‘ This person, who was the son of an eminent
 ‘ Divine, named *Will. Crashaw*, was educated
 ‘ in grammar learning, in *Sutton’s-hospital*, called
 ‘ the *Charter-house*, near to *London*, and in aca-
 ‘ demical, partly in *Pembroke-hall*, of which he
 ‘ was a scholar, and afterwards in *Peter-house*,
 ‘ of which he was fellow; where, as in the for-
 ‘ mer house, his admirable faculty in *Latin* and
 ‘ *English* Poetry was well known. Afterwards,
 ‘ he was Master of Arts, in which degree it is
 ‘ probable he was incorporated: But being soon
 ‘ after, thrown out of his Fellowship, as many
 ‘ others of the same university of *Cambridge*
 ‘ were, for denying the *Covenant* in the time
 ‘ of

' of the Rebellion, he was, for a time, put to his
 ' shifts; at length, upon an infallible foresight
 ' that the Church of *England* would be quite
 ' ruined by the unlimited fury of the Presbyte-
 ' rians, he changed his Religion, and went be-
 ' yond the seas, and took up his abode, for a
 ' time, in the great city of *Paris*; but being a
 ' mere scholar, and very shiftless, Mr. *Abr.*
 ' *Cowley*, the poet, did, upon intimation of his
 ' being there, find him out in a sorry condition,
 ' *An.* 1646, or thereabouts. Whereupon ex-
 ' hibiting to him, as much as lay in his power,
 ' for the present, did afterwards obtain for him,
 ' Letters of Commendation, from *Henrietta*
 ' *Maria* Queen of *England*, then in those parts,
 ' and some relief. Afterwards he journied into
 ' *Italy*, and by virtue of those letters he became
 ' a *Secretary to a Cardinal in Rome*,^a and at
 ' length one of the Canons or Chaplains of the
 ' rich Church of *our Lady at Loretto*, some
 ' miles distant from thence, where he died, and
 ' was

^a a. So 'tis said among the names of the *English* Popish converts, set before Dr.

^b *Ben. Carier's* *Mission* to his Majesty of Great Britain, King James I.' &c.

' was buried, about 1650. Before he left *Eng-*
 ' *land*, he wrote certain Poems, which were
 ' entitled *Steps to the Temple*, because in the
 ' Temple of God, under his wing, he led his
 ' life, in *St. Mary's Church*, near to *Peter-House*,
 ' before mentioned. "There," 'as 'tis said,"
 "he lodged under Tertullian's roof of Angels;
 "there he made his nest more gladly than
 "David's swallow near the House of God;
 "where, like a primitive saint, he offered more
 "Prayers in the night, than others usually offer
 "in the day. There he pen'd the said Poems,
 "called *Steps to the Temple*, for happy souls to
 "climb to heaven by. To the said *Steps* are
 "joined other Poems, entitled *The Delights of*
 "*the Muses*, wherein are several *Latin Poems*,
 "which, tho' of a more humane mixture, are as
 "sweet, as they are innocent. He hath also
 "written

* b. In the Preface to *Steps to the Temple*, London, 1649, octavo, 2d edition. —
 Note, a book of the 2d edition lately came to the hands of the Editor, with the
 figures 1670, at the bottom of the Title Page; from which it may be learnt,
 that fresh Title Pages are not so modern a device among Booksellers, as some have
 imagined; Milton's first edition of the *Paradise Lost* underwent several Title
 Pages of different dates, before the small impression could be disposed of; it
 should be remembered, that the number of Readers was then much less.

“written, *Carmen Deo Nostro*, being Hymns
 “and other sacred Poems, addrest to the
 “Countess of Denbigh. He was excellent in
 “five languages, besides the mother tongue, viz.
 “*Hebrew, Greek, Latin, Italian, and Spanish*,
 “the two last ⁵ whereof,” ‘tho’ he had little use,
 ‘yet he had the knowledge of them.’

The same preface, to *Crashaw’s* Works,
 from which *Wood* has extracted so largely, con-
 tinues to observe, that ‘amongst his other ac-
 ‘complishments in academic (as well pious as
 ‘harmless) Arts, he made his skill in Poetry,
 ‘Music, Drawing, Limning, Graving, exercises
 ‘of his curious invention and sudden fancy, to
 ‘be but his subservient recreations, for vacant
 ‘hours, not the grand business of his Soul.’
 And it finishes thus, ‘I will conclude all that I
 ‘have impartially writ of this learned YOUNG
 ‘Gentleman, now dead to us, as he himself doth,
 ‘with

⁵ Honest *Anthony* deviates here from his usual accuracy, the words of the
 Preface are ‘The two last whereof’ “*he had little help in, they were of his own*
acquisition.”

‘with the last line of his Poem upon Bishop
 ‘*Andrews*’ Picture, before his Sermons.’

VERTE PAGINAS.

“*Look on the following leaves, and see him breathe.*”

The most respectable of men, and of writers,
 Dr. *Johnson*, in his life of *Milton* says, ‘He
 ‘was naturally a thinker for himself, confident
 ‘of his own abilities, and disdainful of help or
 ‘hindrance: he did not refuse admission to the
 ‘thoughts or Images of his predecessors, but he
 ‘did not seek them. From his contemporaries
 ‘he neither courted nor received support;
 ‘there is in his Writings nothing by which
 ‘the pride of other authors might be gratified,
 ‘or favour gained; no exchange of praise, nor
 ‘solicitation of support,’ But would the great
 and learned Critic have advanced as much, if
 the *Sospetto D’Herode* had happened to have
 come under his penetrating observation?—
 certainly not.

The Edition of the *Biographia Britannica*,
 published in 1750, does not mention our author,
 but

but the Compilers of the *General Biographical Dictionary*, of 1784, have inserted his name in its proper place, and after declaring, he 'was in his life time 'honoured with the friendship of *Cowley*, and since his death by the *praise* 'of *Mr. Pope*, who condescended both to *read* 'his Poems, and to *borrow* from them;" make partial use of *Wood's* account and the Preface; speaking of our Author's change of religion, they charge him with 'being by 'Catholic artifices *perverted* to the Church of 'Rome; not converted, but rather, as *Pope* says, 'out-witted:'⁷ They proceed thus, 'because,

' says

6 The honour bestowed, and the condescension of *Mr. Pope*, in reading our Author's Works, may undoubtedly be very great; but to take any thing from another clandestinely, and without acknowledgment, does not always bear the gentle epithet of *borrowing*. *Mr. Pope* does not, in any of his Writings, acknowledge to have borrowed from *Crafbaw*; he affects to think of him rather contemptuously, and says, he was none of the worst Verifiers.

7 *Mr. Pope* does not where say *Crafbaw* was out-witted; in a Letter * to *Atterbury*, Bishop of Rochester, speaking generally of *Seekers* in Religious Speculation, he says, 'I am afraid most *Seekers* are in the same case, and when they stop, 'they are not so properly converted as out-witted.' This is not applied particularly to our Author, tho' the Reader would be led to imagine it was; the truth is, it was the fashion in Literature to speak slightly of *Crafbaw*;—*Pope* led that fashion, which has been servily followed by those, who never read the unfashionable Author's Works.

* Letter IV. vol. 5.

‘ says the *Oxford Antiquary*, *he led his life in*
 ‘ *St. Mary’s-Church*,’ &c. when *Wood* absolutely
 only gives it as a quotation from the fore-men-
 tioned Preface: the Compilers conclude admirably;
 ‘ We cannot leave *Crashaw*, however,
 ‘ without observing, that, as great a Saint as
 ‘ he was, yet the time, manner, and other cir-
 ‘ cumstances of his conversion to Popery, have
 ‘ left some blemish upon his holiness, as they cer-
 ‘ tainly give room to suspect the sincerity and
 ‘ uprightness of his motives.’—Poor *Crashaw*!
 to have not only the reputation of his few
 Works, lessen’d, by a *false*, but more *fortunate*
 Brother; to have those Works garbled, his name,
 except for the condemnation of his Merits,
 assiduously suppressed, and to be even stigma-
 tized as a *Fool* and a *Hypocrite*, in those respects,
 for which he had sacrificed his all, is rather too
 much.—The Editor will hazard an opinion,
 that many good men have adopted particular
 modes of thinking, upon Religious or Political
 subjects, perhaps founded in error, thro’ whim
 or interest, which whim or interest has evi-
 dently

dently terminated in true and permanent principle; *Crashaw* was a high Church-man, the Presbyterians, or rather Independents, were uppermost; *Crashaw* was weak and gloomy, and saw, or thought he saw, the Church in danger, and,—however, these considerations are foreign to our purpose, and, after hoping for indulgence from such of our readers, as may deem this address uninteresting, or too prolix, shall only observe, his change does not appear to have been for the better; and, without we are much mistaken, it will be wished by the lovers of the sublime and beautiful, that he had produced more such works, as the *Sospetto* *D'Herode*.

We will next give the Extracts from Mr. Pope's Epistolary Correspondence, and then the POETRY.

Vol. 8, of POPE'S Works.

Letter XXII, Nov. 11, 1710, from A. Pope,
Esq; to H. Cromwell, Esq; Extract.

‘ The Fable of the Nightingale of *Philips’s*
‘ Pastoral, is taken from *Famianus Strada’s* Latin
‘ Poem on the same subject, in his *Prolusiones*
‘ *Academicæ*;—This Poem was many years since
‘ imitated by CRASHAW, out of whose Verses
‘ the following are very remarkable.*

“ From this to that, from that to this he flies,

“ Feels Music’s pulse in all its arteries ;

“ Caught in a net which there APOLLO spreads,

“ His fingers struggle with the vocal threads.”

Letter XXVI, Dec. 17, 1710, from the same,
to the same.

‘ It seems that my late mention of CRASHAW,
‘ and my quotation from him, has mov’d your
‘ curiosity: I therefore send you the whole Au-
‘ thor, who has held a place among my other
‘ books

* This is the only quotation the Editor has ever met with, tho’ he has carefully
inspected many Books with that view.

' books of this nature for some years; in which
 ' time having read him twice or thrice, I find
 ' him one of those, whose Works may just de-
 ' serve reading. I take this Poet to have writ
 ' like a Gentleman; that is, at leisure hours;
 ' and more to keep out of idleness, than to
 ' establish a reputation; so that nothing regular
 ' or just can be expected from him. All that
 ' regards design, form, fable (which is the Soul
 ' of Poetry) all that concerns exactness, or con-
 ' sent of parts (which is the Body) will probably
 ' be wanting; only pretty Conceptions, fine
 ' Metaphors, glittering Expressions, and some-
 ' thing of a neat cast of Verse (which are pro-
 ' perly the dress, gems, or loose ornaments of
 ' Poetry) may be found in these verses. This
 ' is indeed the case of most other Poetical Wri-
 ' ters of miscellanies; nor can it well be other-
 ' wise, since no man can be a true Poet, who
 ' writes for diversion only. These Authors
 ' should be consider'd as versifiers and witty men,
 ' rather than as Poets; and under this head
 ' will only fall, the thoughts, the expression,
 ' and

' and the numbers. These are only the pleas-
 ' sing part of Poetry, which may be judged of
 ' at a view, and comprehended all at once. And
 ' (to express myself like a Painter) their colour-
 ' ing entertains the sight, but the lines and life
 ' of the Picture are not to be inspected too
 ' narrowly.

' This Author form'd himself upon Petrarch,
 ' or rather upon Marino. His thoughts, one
 ' may observe, in the main, are pretty; but
 ' often times far fetched, and too often strained
 ' and stiffen'd to make them appear the greater.
 ' For men are never so apt to think a thing great,
 ' as when it is odd or wonderful; and incon-
 ' siderate Authors would rather be admir'd than
 ' understood. This ambition of surprizing a
 ' reader, is the true natural cause of all fustian,
 ' or bombast in Poetry. To confirm what I
 ' have said, you need but look into his first Poem
 ' of the Weeper, where the 2d, 4th, 6th, 14th,
 ' and 21st, Stanzas are as sublimely dull, as the
 ' 7th, 8th, 9th, 16th, 17th, 20th and 23d Stanzas
 ' of the same copy, are soft and pleasing: and
 ' if

' if these last want any thing, it is an easier and
 ' more unaffected Expression. The remaining
 ' thoughts in that Poem might have been spared,
 ' being either but repetitions, or very trivial and
 ' mean. And by this example in the first, one
 ' may guess at all the rest to be like this, a
 ' a mixture of tender, gentle thoughts, and suit-
 ' able expressions, of forced and inextricable con-
 ' ceits, and of needless fillers-up to the rest.
 ' From all which it is plain, this Author writ
 ' fast, and set down what came uppermost. A
 ' reader may skim off the froth, and use the clear
 ' underneath; but if he goes too deep, will meet
 ' with a mouthful of dregs; either the top or
 ' bottom of him are good for little, but what he
 ' did in his own, natural, middle-way, is best.

' To speak of his numbers, is a little difficult,
 ' they are so various and irregular, and mostly
 ' Pindaric; 'tis evident his Heroic verse (the best
 ' example of which is his MUSIC'S DUEL) is
 ' carelessly made up; but one may imagine from
 ' what it now is, that, had he taken more
 ' care, it had been musical and pleasing enough,

' not

‘ not extremely majestic, but sweet: and the
 ‘ time considered of his writing, he was (even
 ‘ as uncorrect as he is) none of the worst Ver-
 ‘ sificators.

‘ I will just observe, that the best ^o pieces of this
 ‘ Author are, a Paraphrase on Psalm xxiii. on
 ‘ *Lessius*, Epitaph on Mr. *Ashton*, *Wishes* to his
 ‘ supposed Mistress, and the *Dies Ira*.

§ The reader must determine whether Mr. *Pope* has mentioned the best pieces;
 on the contrary, whether many much superior are not to be met with in the
 little work before us; and if so, what fair reason could there be for such a
 partial selection?

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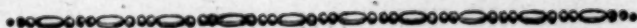
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Still
Thy



P O E T R Y.



THE WEEPER.

HAIL, sister springs!

Parent of silver-forded rills!

Ever-bubbling things!

Thawing crystal! snowy hills!

Still spending, never spent; I mean

Thy fairer eyes, sweet MAGDALENE!

II.

Heavens thy fair eyes be,
Heavens of ever-falling stars!
'Tis seed-time still with thee,
And stars thou sow'st, whose harvest dars
Promise the earth to counter shine,
Whatever makes heaven's forehead fine.

III.

But we're deceived all,
Stars, they're indeed too true;
For they but seem to fall,
As heaven's other spangles do:
It is not for our earth and us,
To shine in things so precious!

IV.

Upwards thou dost weep,
Heaven's bosom drinks the gentle stream,
Where the milky rivers meet,
Thine floats above and is the cream:
Heaven, of such fair floods as this,
Heaven the crystal ocean is!

Every

v.

Every morn from hence,
A brisk cherub something tips,
Whose soft influence
Adds sweetness to his sweetest lips!
Then to his music, and his song
Tastes of this breakfast all day long.

vi.

When some new bright guest
Takes up among the stars a room,
And heaven will make a feast,
Angels with their bottles come,
And draw from those full eyes of thine,
Their Master's water, their own wine.

vii.

The dew no more will weep,
The primrose's pale cheek to deck,
The dew no more will sleep,
Nuzzled in the lilly's neck:
Much rather would it tremble here,
And leave them both to be thy tear.

Not

VIII.

Not the soft gold, which
 Steals from the amber-weeping tree,
 Makes sorrow half so rich,
 As the drops distill'd from thee.
 Sorrow's best jewels lie in these
 Caskets, of which heaven keeps the keys.

IX.

When Sorrow would be seen
 In her brightest majesty,—
 For she is a queen!—
 Then is she dress'd by none but thee:
 Then, and only then, she wears
 Her richest pearls;—I mean thy tears!

X.

Not in the evening's eyes,
 When they red with weeping are,
 For the sun that dies,
 Sits Sorrow with a face so fair!
 No where but here did ever meet
 Sweetness so sad, sadness so sweet!

• Sadness

XI.

Sadness all the while
 She sits in such a throne as this,
 Can do nought but smile,
 Nor believe she Sadness is:
 Gladness itself would be more glad,
 To be made so sweetly sad.

XII.

There is no need at all
 That the balsom-sweating bough
 So coyly should let fall
 His medicinal tears; for now
 Nature hath learn'd t' extract a dew,
 More sovereign and sweet from you!

XIII.

Yet let the poor drops weep,
 Weeping is the ease of woe,
 Softly let them creep,
 Sad that they are vanquish'd so;
 They, though to others no relief,
 May balsom be for their own grief.

Golden

XIV.

Golden though he be,
 Golden *Tagus* murmurs, though
 Might he flow from thee,
 Content and quiet would he go ;
 Richer far does he esteem
 Thy silver, than his golden stream.

XV.

Well does the *May* that lies
 Smiling in thy cheeks, confess
 The *April* in thine eyes,
 Mutual sweetness they express.
 No *April* e'er lent softer show'ers,
 Nor *May* returned fairer flowers.

XVI.

Thus dost thou melt the year,
 Into a weeping motion,
 Each minute waiteth here,
 Takes his tear, and gets him gone ;
 By thine eyes tinct enobled thus,
 Time lays him up :—he's precious !

Time,

XVII.

Time, as by thee he passes,
 Makes thy ever-wat'ry eyes
 His hour-glasses ;
 By them his steps he rectifies :
 The sands he us'd, no longer please,
 For his own sands he'll use thy seas.

XVIII.

Does thy song lull the air ?
 Thy tears just cadence still keeps time,
 Does thy sweet-breath'd prayer
 Up in clouds of incense climb ?
 Still at each sigh, that is each stop,
 A bead, that is a tear, doth drop.

XIX.

Does the night arise ?
 Still thy tears do fall, and fall :
 Does night loose her eyes ?
 Still the fountain weeps for all.
 Let night or day do what they will,
 Thou hast thy task, thou weepest still.

Not,

XX.

Not, so long she liv'd,
 Will thy tomb report of thee,
 But, SO LONG SHE GRIEV'D!
 Thus must we date thy memory.
 Others by days, by months, by years,
 Measure their ages,—thou by tears!

XXI.

Say, wat'ry brothers!
 Ye simpering sons of those fair eyes,
 Your fertile mothers.
 What hath our world that can entice
 You to be born? what is't can borrow
 You from her eyes-swoln wombs of sorrow?

XXII.

Whither away so fast?
 O Whither? for the fluttish earth
 Your sweetness cannot taste,
 Nor does the dust deserve your birth.
 Whither haste ye then? O say,
 Why ye trip so fast away?

We

XXIII.

We go not to seek
 The darlings of *Aurora's* bed,
 The rose's modest cheek,
 Nor the violet's humble head.
 No such thing ; we go to meet
 A worthier object,—**OUR LORD'S FEET!**

PSALM

P S A L M CXXXVII.

ON the proud banks of great *Euphrates'* flood,
 There we sat, and there we wept;
 Our harps that now no Music understood,
 Nodding on the willows slept,
 While unhappy captiv'd we,
 Lovely *Sion!* thought on thee.

They, they that snatch'd us from our country's breast
 Would have a song carv'd to their ears
 In Hebrew numbers, then, O cruel jest!
 When harps and hearts were drown'd in tears:
 Come, they cry'd, come sing and play,
 One of *Sion's* songs to day.

Sing! play! to whom, ah! shall we sing or play,
 If not, *Jerusalem* to thee?
 Ah, thee, *Jerusalem!* ah! sooner may
 This hand forget the mastery
 Of music's dainty touch, than I
 The music of thy memory!

Which

Which when I lose, O may at once my tongue
 Lose this same busy speaking art,
 Unperch'd, her vocal arteries unstrung,
 No more acquainted with my heart,
 On my dry pallat's roof to rest
 A wither'd leaf, an idle guest!

No, no, thy good, *Sion*, alone must crown
 The head of all my hope-nurst Joys!
 But *Edom*, cruel thou! thou cry'dst down, down
 Sink *Sion*; down, and never rise;
 Her falling thou didst urge and thrust,
 And haste to dash her into dust!

Do'st laugh? proud *Babel's* daughter! do, laugh on,
 'Till thy ruin teach thee tears,
 Even such as these; laugh, till a venging throng
 Of woes too late do rouse thy fears.
 Laugh till thy children's bleeding bones
 Weep precious tears upon the stones!

PSALM

P S A L M XXIII.

HAPPY me! O happy Sheep;
 Whom my God vouchsafes to keep,
 Even my God, even he it is
 That points me to these ways of blifs;
 On whose pastures, chearful spring
 All the year doth sit and sing,
 And rejoicing, smiles to see
 Their green backs wear his livery;
Pleasure sings my soul to rest,
Plenty wears me at her brest,
 Whose sweet temper teaches me
 Nor wanton, nor in want to be.
 At my feet the blub'ring mountain
 Weeping, melts into a fountain,
 Whose soft silver sweating streams
 Make high noon forget his beams:
 When my wayward breast is flying,
 He calls home my soul from dying,

Strokes

Strokes and tames my rabid* grief,
 And does woo me into life;
 When my simple weakness strays,
 Tangled in forbidden ways,
 He, my shepherd; is my guide;
 He's before me, on my side,
 And behind me, he beguiles
 Craft in all her knotty wiles:
 He expounds the giddy wonder
 Of my weary steps, and under
 Spreads a path clear as the day,
 Where no churlish rub says nay
 To my joy-conducted feet,
 While they gladly go to meet
 Grace and Peace, to meet new lays,
 Tun'd to my great Shepherd's praise.
 Come now, all ye terrors, fally,
 Muster forth into the Valley,
 Where triumphant *Darkness* hovers
 With a fable wing, that covers
 Brooding *Horror*! come thou, *Death*!
 Let the damps of thy dull breath
 Overshadow even the shade,
 And make *Darkness* self afraid;

There

* Rabid, a. [*rabidus*, Latin.] Fierce; furious; mad.—Johnson.

There my feet, even there shall find
 Way for a resolved mind.
 Still my Shepherd, still my God,
 Thou art with me, still thy rod,
 And thy staff, whose influence,
 Gives direction, gives defence!
 At the whisper of thy word,
 Crown'd abundance spreads my board;
 While I feast, my foes do feed
 Their rank malice, not their need;
 So that with the self-same bread
 They are starv'd, and I am fed.
 How my head in ointment swims!
 How my cup o'er-looks her brims!
 So, even so still may I move,
 By the line of thy dear love!
 Still may thy sweet mercy spread
 A shady arm above my head,
 About my paths, so shall I find
 The fair centre of my mind,
 Thy temple! and those lovely walls,
 Bright ever with a beam that falls,
 Fresh from the pure glance of thine eye,
 Lighting to eternity!

There

There I'll dwell for ever, there
 Will I find a purer air,
 To feed my life with, there I'll sup
 Balm and nectar in my cup,
 And thence my ripe soul will I breath
 Warm into the arms of Death!

Quem

Quem vidistis Pastores, &c.

A HYMN ON THE NATIVITY,

SUNG BY SHEPHERDS.

C H O R U S.

COME, we shepherds, who have seen
Day's king deposed by night's queen.
Come, lift we up our lofty song,
To wake the sun that sleeps too long.

He, in this our general joy,
Slept, and dreamt of no such thing,
While we found out the fair-ey'd boy,
And kist the cradle of our King ;
Tell him he rises now too late,
To shew us ought worth looking at.

Tell

Tell him we now can shew him more
 Than he e'er shew'd to mortal sight,
 Than he himself e'er saw before,

Which to be seen needs not his light:
 Tell him, *Tityrus*, where th' hast been.
 Tell him, *Thyrsis*, what th' hast seen.

T I T Y R U S .

Gloomy night, embrac'd the place
 Where the noble Infant lay;
 The Babe look'd up, and shew'd his face;
 In spite of darkness it was day.
 It was the day, sweet, and did rise,
 Not in the *East*, but from thy eyes.

T H Y R S I S .

Winter chid the world, and sent
 The angry *North* to wage his wars;
 The *North* forgot his fierce intent,
 And left perfumes instead of scars;
 By those sweet eyes' persuasive Powers,
 Where he meant frosts, he scatter'd flowers.

B O T H.

We saw thee in thy balmy nest,
 Bright dawn of our *eternal* day;
 We saw thine eyes break from the *East*,
 And chase the trembling shades away:
 We saw thee, and we blest the sight! —
 We saw thee by thine own sweet light!

T I T Y R U S.

I saw the curl'd drops, soft and flow,
 Come hovering o'er the place's head,
 Off'ring their whitest sheets of snow,
 To furnish the fair Infant's bed.
 Forbear, said I, be not too bold,
 Your fleece is white, but 'tis too cold.

T H Y R S I S.

I saw th' officious angels bring,
 The down that their soft breasts did strow,
 For well they now can spare their wings,
 When heaven itself lies here below;
 Fair youth, said I, be not too rough,
 Your down, though soft, 's not soft enough!

The

TITYRUS.

The Babe no sooner 'gan to seek,
 Where to lay his lovely head,
 But straight his eyes advis'd his cheek,
 'Twixt mother's breasts to go to bed.
 Sweet choice, said I, no way but so,
 Not to lie cold, yet sleep in snow!

A L L.

Welcome to our wond'ring fight,
 Eternity shut in a span!
 Summer in winter! day in night!

CHORUS.

Heaven in earth! and God in man!
 Great little one, whose glorious birth,
 Lifts earth to heaven, stoops heaven to earth!

Welcome, though not to gold, nor filk,
 To more than *Cæsar's* birth-right is:
 Two sister-seas of virgin's milk,
 With many a rarely-temper'd kiss,
 That breathes at once both maid and mother,
 Warms in the one, cools in the other.

She

She sings thy tears asleep, and dips
 Her kisses in thy weeping eye,
 She spreads the red leaves of thy lips,
 That in their buds yet blushing lie.
 She 'gainst those mother-di'monds tries,
 The points of her young eagle's eyes.

7 Welcome,— tho' not to those gay flies,
 Gilded i' th' beams of earthly kings,
 Slippery souls in smiling eyes —
 But to poor shepherds, simple things,
 That use no varnish, no oil'd arts,
 But lift clean hands, full of clear hearts!

Yet when young *April's* husband-showers,
 Shall bless the fruitful *Maia's* bed,
 We'll bring the first-born of her flowers,
 To kiss thy feet, and crown thy head.
 To thee, dread lamb! whose love must keep
 The shepherds, while they feed their sheep.

To

To thee, meek majesty, soft king
Of simple graces and sweet loves!
Each of us his lamb will bring,
Each his pair of silver doves!
At last, in fire of thy fair eyes,
We'll burn our own best sacrifice!

SOSPETTO

SOSPETTO D'HERODE.

LIBRO PRIMO.

ARGOMENTO.

Casting the times with their strong signs,
Death's Master his own, his own death divines !
Struggling for help, his best hope is,
HEROD's Suspicion may heal his ;
Therefore he sends a Fiend to wake
The sleeping Tyrant's fond mistake,
Who fears, in vain, that he whose birth
Means Heav'n, should meddle with his earth !

I.

MUSE, now the servant of soft loves no more,
Hate is thy theme, and *Herod* ; whose unblest
Hand—what dares not jealous greatness!—tore
A thousand sweet babes from their mothers' breast,
The blooms of martyrdom ! O be a door
Of language to my infant lips, ye best
Of confessors ! whose throats, answering his
fwords,
Gave forth your blood for breath !—spoke souls
for words !

Great

II.

Great *Anthony* ! *Spain's* well-beseeming pride,
 Thou mighty branch of emperors and kings ;
 The beauties of whose dawn what eye can bide,
 Which with the sun himself weighs equal wings !
 Map of heroic worth ! whom far and wide
 To the believing world *Fame* boldly fings :

Deign thou to wear this humble wreath that bows
 To deck the sacred honours of thy brows !

III.

Nor needs my muse a blush, or these bright flowers,
 Other than what their own blest beauties bring,
 They were the smiling sons of those sweet bowers,
 That drink the dew of life, whose deathless spring,
 Nor *Sirian* flame, nor *Borean* frost deflowers !
 From whence heav'n-labouring bees with busy wing
 Suck hidden sweets, which well digested, proves
 Immortal honey for the hive of loves !

Thou

IV.

Thou, whose strong hand with so transcendent
worth,

Holds high the reign of fair *Parthenope*,
That neither *Rome*, nor *Athens* can bring forth
A name, in noble deeds, rival to thee!

Thy fame's full noise makes proud the patient earth,
Far more than matter for my muse and me.

The *Tyrrhene* seas and shores sound all the same,
And in their murmurs keep thy mighty name!

V.

Below the bottom of the great *Abyss*,
There where one centre reconciles all things,
The world's profound heart pants; there placed is
Mischief's old *Master*! close about him clings
A curl'd knot of embracing snakes, that kiss
His correspondent cheeks: these loathsome strings
Hold the perverse prince in eternal ties,
Fast bound, since first he forfeited the skies.

The

VI.

The judge of torments, and the king of tears,
 He fills a burnish'd throne of quenchless fire!
 And for his old fair robes of light, he wears
 A gloomy mantle of dark flames; the tire
 That crowns his hated head, on high appears,
 Where seven tall horns, his empire's pride, aspire!
 And, to make up hell's majesty, each horn
 Seven crested *Hydras* horribly adorn!

VII.

His eyes, the fullen dens of death and night,
 Startle the dull air with a dismal red:
 Such his fell glances as the fatal light
 Of staring comets, that look kingdoms dead!
 From his black nostrils, and blue lips, in spite
 Of hell's own stink, a worser stench is spread.
 His breath hell's lightning is! and each deep
 groan
 Disdains to think that heaven thunders alone!

His

VIII.

His flaming eyes, dire exhalation!
 Unto a dreadful pile gives fiery breath;
 Whose unconsum'd consumption preys upon
 The never-dying life of a long death!
 In this sad house of slow destruction,—
 His shop of flames!—he fries himself, beneath
 A mass of woes, his teeth for torment gnash,
 While his steel sides ~~sound~~ with his tail's
 strong lash.

IX.

Three rigorous virgins waiting still behind,
 Assist the throne of th' iron scepter'd king:
 With whips of thorns, and knotty vipers twin'd,
 They rouse him, when his rank thoughts need
 a sting:
 Their locks are beds of uncomb'd snakes, that wind
 About their shady brows in wanton Rings.
 Thus reigns the wrathful king, and while he
 reigns,
 His sceptre and himself both he disdains.

Disdainful

x.

Disdainful wretch! how hath one bold sin cost
 Thee all the beauties of thy once-bright eyes!
 How hath one black eclipse cancel'd and crost
 The glories that did gild thee in thy rise!
 Proud morning of a perverse day! how lost
 Art thou unto thyself, thou too-self wife
Narcissus! foolish *Phaeton!* who for all
 Thy high aim'd hopes, gain'dst but a flam-
 ing fall!

xi.

From death's sad shades to the life-breathing air,
 This mortal enemy to mankind's good,
 Lifts his malignant eyes, wasted with care,
 To become beautiful in human blood:
 Where *Jordan* melts his crystal, to make fair
 The fields of *Palestine*, with so pure a flood;
 There does he fix his eyes, and there detect
 New matter, to make good his great suspect.

XII.

He calls to mind th' old quarrel, and what spark
 Set the contending sons of heav'n on fire :
 Oft in his deep thought he revolves the dark
Sybil's divining leaves : he does enquire
 Into th' old prophecies, trembling to mark
 How many present prodigies conspire,
 To crown their past predictions ; both he lays
 Together, in his pond'rous mind both weighs.

XIII.

Heaven's golden-winged herald, late he saw
 To a poor *Galilean* virgin sent ;
 How low the bright youth bow'd, and with
 what awe
 Immortal flow'rs to her fair hand present :
 He saw th' old *Hebrew's* womb neglect the law
 Of age and barrenness, and her Babe prevent
 His birth, by his devotion, who began
 Betimes to be a faint, before a man !

He

XIV.

He saw rich nectar thaws, release the rigor
 Of th' icy *North*; from frost-bound *Atlas*' hands
 His adamantinè fetters fall; green vigor
 Glad'ning the *Scythian* rocks, and *Libyan* sands;
 He saw a vernal smile, sweetly disfigure
 Winter's sad face, and through the flow'ry lands
 Of fair *England's* honey-sweating fountains,
 With manna, milk, and balm, new broach
 the mountains!

XV.

He saw how in that blest day-bearing night,
 The heav'n rebuked shades made haste away;
 How bright a dawn of angels with new light
 Amaz'd the midnight world, and made a day
 Of which the morning knew not; mad with spite
 He mark'd how the poor shepherds ran to pay
 Their simple tribute to the Babe, whose birth
 Was the great business both of heav'n and earth!

He

XVI.

He saw a threefold sun, with rich encrease,
 Make proud the ruby portals of the *East*.
 He saw the temple sacred to sweet peace,
 Adore her Prince's birth; flat on her breast,
 He saw the falling idols, all confess
 A coming deity. He saw the nest
 Of pois'nous and unnatural loves, earth-nurst,
 Touch'd with the world's true *Antidote* to burst!

XVII.

He saw heav'n blossom with a new-born light,
 On which, as on a glorious stranger, gaz'd
 The golden eyes of night; whose beam made bright
 The way to *Beth'lem*, and as boldly blaz'd—
 Nor ask'd leave of the sun,—by day as night:
 By whom, as heav'n's illustrious hand-maid, rais'd
 Three kings, or what is more, three wise
 men went
Westward, to find the world's true *Orient*!

Struck

XVIII.

Struck with these great concurrences of things,
 Symptoms so deadly unto Death and him,
 Fain would he have forgot what fatal stings
 Eternally bind each rebellious limb !
 He shook himself, and spread his spacious wings,
 Which, like two bosom'd sails, embrace the dim
 Air, with a dismal shade ; but all in vain,—
 Of sturdy adamant is his strong chain !

XIX.

While thus heaven's highest counsels, by the low
 Foot-steps of their effects, he trac'd too well,
 He tost his troubled eyes, embers that glow,
 Now with new rage, and wax too hot for hell.
 With his foul claws he fenc'd his furrow'd brow,
 And gave a gasty shriek, whose horrid yell,
 Ran trembling through the hollow vaults of
 night,
 The while his twisted tail he gnaw'd for spite!

Yet

xx.

Yet, on the other side, fain would he start
 Above his fears, and think it cannot be:
 He studies scripture, strives to sound the heart,
 And feel the pulse of every prophecy,
 He knows, but knows not how, or by what art,
 The heav'n-expecting ages, hope to see
 A mighty Babe, whose pure, unspotted birth,
 From a chaste virgin womb should bless the
 earth!

xxi.

But these vast mysteries, his senses smother,
 And reason,—for what's faith to him!—devour,
 How she that is a maid should prove a mother,
 Yet keep inviolate her virgin flow'r;
 How God's eternal Son should be man's brother,
 Possess his proudest intellectual Pow'r;
 How a pure spirit should incarnate be,
 And life itself wear death's frail livery.

That

XXII.

That the great angel-blinding light should shrink
 His blaze, to shine in a poor shepherd's eye;
 That the unmeasur'd God so low should sink,
 As pris'ner in a few poor rags to lie;
 That from his mother's breast he milk should drink,
 Who feeds with nectar heaven's fair family;
 That a vile manger his low bed should prove,
 Who in a throne of Stars thunders above.

XXIII.

That he whom the sun serves should faintly peep
 Through clouds of infant flesh: that he the old
 Eternal word would be a child, and weep;
 That he who made the fire should feel the cold;
 That heaven's high majesty his court should keep
 In a clay-cottage, by each blast control'd:
 That glory's self should serve our griefs and fears:
 And free eternity submit to years.

XXIV.

And further, that the law's eternal giver,
 Should bleed in his own law's obedience ;
 And to the circumcising knife deliver
 Himself, the forfeit of his slaves' offence ;
 That the unblemish'd lamb, blessed forever,
 Should take the mark of sin, and pain of sense :
 These are the knotty riddles, whose dark doubt
 Intangles his lost thoughts, past finding out.

XXV.

While new thoughts boil'd in his enraged breast,
 His gloomy bosom's darkest character,
 Was in his shady forehead seen exprest :
 The forehead's shade in grief's expression there,
 Is, what in signs of joy among the blest,
 The face's light'ning, or a smile is here :
 Those stings of care that his strong heart
 oppress,
 A desperate, *Oh me!* drew from his deep breast.

Oh me!

XXVI.

Oh me! thus bellow'd he, *Oh me!* what great
 Portents before mine eyes their powers advance?
 And serve my purer sight, only to beat
 Down my proud thought, and leave it in a trance?
 Frown I;—and can great *Nature* keep her seat?
 And the gay stars lead on their golden dance?
 Can his attempts above still prosp'rous be,
 Auspicious still, in spite of hell and me?

XXVII.

He has my heaven;—what would he more?—
 whose bright
 And radiant sceptre this bold hand should bear,
 And, for the never-fading fields of light,
 My fair inheritance! he confines me here,
 To this dark house of shades, horror, and night,
 To draw a long-liv'd death, where all my cheer
 Is the solemnity my sorrow wears,
 That mankind's torment waits upon my tears.

Dark,

XXVIII.

Dark, dusky man, he needs would single forth,
 To make the partner of his own pure ray :
 And should we pow'rs of heaven, spirits of worth,
 Bow our bright heads before a king of clay ?
 It shall not be, said I, and clomb the North,
 Where never wing of Angel yet made way :
 What tho' I mist my blow, yet I strook high,
 And to dare something—is some victory.

XXIX.

Is he not satisfied? means he to wrest
 Hell from me too, and sack my territories?
 Vile human nature means he not t'invest;
 O my despite ! with his divinest glories?
 And rising with rich spoils upon his breast,
 With his fair triumphs fill all future stories?
 Must the bright arms of heav'n rebuke these eyes?
 Mock me, and dazzle my dark mysteries?

xxx.

Art thou not *Lucifer*? he, to whom the droves
 Of stars, that gild the morn, in charge were given?
 The nimblest of the light'ning-winged loves?
 The fairest, and the first-born smile of heav'n?
 Look in what pomp the mistress planet moves
 Rev'rently, circl'd by the lesser seven;

Such, and so rich, the flames that from thine
 eyes,

Opprest the *common* people of the skies.

xxxi.

Ah wretch! what boots thee to cast back thy eyes,
 Where dawning hope no beam of comfort shows?
 While the reflection of thy forepast joys,
 Renders thee double to thy present woes;
 Rather make up to thy new Miseries,
 And meet the mischiefs, that upon thee grow.

If hell must mourn, heav'n sure shall
 sympathize!

What force cannot effect, fraud shall devise.

And

XXXII.

And yet whose force fear I ? have I so lost
 Myself ? my strength too with my innocence ?
 Come try who dares, *Heav'n, Earth*, whate'er
 doft boast.

A borrowed being, make thy bold defence:
 Come thy Creator too, what though it cost
 We yet a second fall ? we'd try our strengths:
Heav'n saw us struggle once, as brave a fight
Earth now should see, and tremble at the fight !

XXXIII.

Thus spoke th' impatient Prince, and made a pause,
 His foul hags rais'd their heads, and clap'd their
 hands;

And all the powers of hell in full applause,
 Flourish'd their snakes, and tost their flaming
 brands.

We, said the horrid sisters, wait thy laws,
 Th' obsequious handmaids of thy high commands,
 Be it thy part, hell's mighty lord, to lay,
 On us thy dread commands, ours to obey.

What

XXXIV.

What thy *Alecto*, what these hands can do,
 Thou mad'st bold proof upon the brow of heav'n,
 Nor should'st thou bate in pride, because that now,
 To these thy footy kingdoms thou art driven:
 Let heaven's Lord chide above louder than thou
 In language of his thunder, thou art even
 With him below: here thou art Lord alone,
 Boundless and absolute:—hell is thine own!

XXXV.

If usual wit and strength will do no good,
 Virtues of stones, nor herbs: use stronger charms,
 Anger, and love, best hooks of human blood:
 If all fail, we'll put on our proudest arms,
 And pouring on heaven's face the sea's huge flood,
 Quench his curl'd fires, we'll wake with our alarms
Ruin, where'er she sleeps at *Nature's* feet;
 And crush the *world*, till his wide corners meet.

Replied

XXXVI.

Replied the proud king, O my crown's defence !
Stay of whose strong hopes, you of whose brave
worth,

The frightened stars took feint experience,
When 'gainst the thunder's mouth we marched
forth:

Still are you prodigal of your love's expence
In our great projects, both 'gainst heav'n and earth:

I thank you all, but one must single out,
Cruelty!—she alone shall cure my doubt.

XXXVII.

Fourth of the cursed knot of hags is she,
Or rather all the other three in one;
Hell's shop of slaughter she does oversee,
And still assists the execution:

But chiefly there does she delight to be,
Where hell's capacious caldron is set on:

And while the black souls boil in their own gore,
To hold them down, and look that none seeth
o'er.

Thrice

XXXVIII.

Thrice howl'd the caves of night, and thrice the
 found,
 Thund'ring upon the banks of those black lakes,
 Rung through the hollow vaults of hell profound:
 At last her list'ning ears the noise o'ertakes,
 She lifts her sooty lamps, and looking round;
 A gen'ral hiss, from the whole tire of snakes
 Rebounding, through hell's inmost caverns
 came,
 In answer to her formidable name!

XXXIX.

'Mongst all the palaces in hell's command,
 No one so merciless as this of hers.
 The adamantine doors, for ever stand
 Impenetrable, both to pray'rs and tears;
 The wall's inexorable steel; no hand
 Of Time, or teeth of hungry Ruin fears;
 Their ugly ornaments are the bloody stains,
 Of ragged limbs, torn skulls, and dash'd-out
 brains!

There

XL.

There has the purple *Vengeance* a proud feat,
 Whose ever-brandish'd sword is sheath'd in blood:
 About her, *Hate, Wrath, War, and Slaughter* sweat,
 Bathing their hot limbs in life's precious flood!
 There, rude impetuous rage does storm and fret;
 And there, as master of this murd'ring brood,
 Swinging a huge scythe, stands impartial *Death*,
 With endless business almost out of breath!

XLI.

For hangings and for curtains, all along
 The walls,—abominable ornaments!
 Are tools of wrath, anvils of torments hung;
 Fell executioners of foul intents,
 Nails, hammers, hatchets sharp, and halters strong,
 Swords, spears, with all the fatal instruments
 Of sin and death, twice dipt in the dire stains
 Of brothers' mutual blood, and fathers' brains!

The

XLII.

The tables furnish'd with a curst feast,
 Which *Harpyes* with lean *Famine* feed upon,
 Unfill'd for ever !. Here, among the rest,
 Inhuman *Ereſiſthon* too makes one ;
Tantalus, *Atreus*, *Progne*, here are gueſts ;
 Wolfiſh *Lycaon* here a place hath won :
 The cup they drink in is *Meduſa's* ſkull,
 Which mix'd with gall and blood they quaff
 brim full !

XLIII.

The foul queen's moſt abhorred maids of honour,
Medæa, *Jezabel*, many a meagre witch,
 With *Circe*, *Scylla*, ſtand to wait upon her ;
 But her beſt huſwives are the *Parcæ*, which
 Still work for her, and have their wages from her ;
 They prick a bleeding heart at every ſtitch :
 Her cruel clothes of coſtly threads they weave,
 Which ſhort-cut lives of murder'd infants leave.

The

XLIV.

The house is hears'd about with a black wood,
 Which nods with many a heavy-headed tree ;
 Each flower's a pregnant poison, tried and good ;
 Each herb a plague: the wind's sighs timed be
 By a black fount, which weeps into a flood.
 Through the thick shades obscurely might you see
Minotaurs, Cyclopes, with a dark drove
 Of *Dragons, Hydras, Sphinxes*, fill the grove.

XLV.

Here *Diomedes*'s horses, *Phereus*' dogs appear,
 With the fierce lions of *Therodamus* ;
Busiris has his bloody altar here ;
 Here *Sylla* his severest prison has ;
 The *Lestrigonians* here their table rear ;
 Here strong *Procrustes* plants his bed of brags ;
 Here cruel *Scyron* boasts his bloody rocks,
 And hateful *Schinas* his so feared oaks.

What

XLVI.

Whatever schemes of blood, fantastic frames
 Of death, *Mezentius*, or *Geryon* drew ;
Phalaris, *Ochus*, *Ezelinus*, names
 Mighty in mischief, with dread *Nero* too ;
 Here are they all, here, all the swords or flames,
Assyrian tyrants, or *Egyptian* knew.

Such was the house, so furnish'd was the hall,
 Whence the fourth *Fury*, answer'd *Pluto's* call.

XLVII.

Scarce to this monster could the shady king,
 The horrid sum of his intentions tell,
 But she, swift as the momentary wing
 Of light'ning, or the words he spoke, left hell :
 She rose, and with her to our world did bring,
 Pale proof of her fell presence, th' air too well
 With a chang'd countenance witness'd the sight,
 And poor fowls intercepted in their flight.

Heav'n

XLVIII.

Heav'n saw her rise, and saw hell in the sight:
 The field's fair eyes saw her, and saw no more,
 But shut their flow'ry lids; for ever night,
 And winter strow her way; yea, such a fore
 Is she to Nature, that a general fright,
 An universal palsy, spreading o'er
 The face of things, from her dire eyes had run,
 Had not her thick snakes hid them from the sun.

XLIX.

Now had the night's companion from her den,
 Where all the busy day she close doth lie,
 With her soft wing, wip'd from the brows of men
 Day's sweat, and by a gentle tyranny,
 And sweet oppression, kindly cheating them
 Of all their cares, tam'd the rebellious eye
 Of sorrow; with a soft and downy hand,
 Sealing all breasts in a *Lethæan* band.

When

L.

When the **Erinnys* her black pinions spread,
 She came to *Bethl'em*, where the cruel king
 Had now retir'd himself, and borrowed
 His breast a while from care's unquiet sting,
 Such as at *Thebes*' dire feast, she shew'd her head,
 Her sulphur-breathed torches brandishing,
 Such to the frighted palace now she comes,
 And with soft feet searches the silent rooms.

LI.

By *Herod* ————— now was borne
 The sceptre, which of old great *David* sway'd.
 Whose right by *David's* lineage so long worn,
 Himself a stranger to, his own had made:
 And from the head of *Judah's* house quite torn
 The crown, for which upon their necks he laid
 A sad yoke, under which they sigh'd in vain,
 And looking on their lost state — sigh'd again!

* A common name of the Furies.

LII.

Up through the spacious palace passed she,
 To where the king's proudly-reposed head—
 If any can be soft to *Tyranny*
 And self-tormenting sin,—had a soft bed.
 She thinks not fit such he her face should see,
 As it is seen by hell; and seen with dread:
 To change her face's stile she doth devise,
 And in a pale ghost's shape to spare his eyes!

LIII.

Herself a while she lays aside, and makes
 Ready to personate a mortal part.
Joseph, the king's dead brother's shape she takes,
 What he by Nature was, she is by art.
 She comes to the king, and with her cold hand flakes
 His spirits, the sparks of life, and chills his heart,
 Life's forge; feign'd is her voice, and false too be
 Her words, *sleep'st thou, fond man? sleep'st*
thou? said she.

So

LIV.

So sleeps a pilot, whose bark is prest
 With many a merciless o'er-mastering wave ;
 For whom, as dead, the wrathful winds contest,
 Which of them deep'st shall dig her wat'ry grave.
 Why dost thou let thy brave soul lie supprest
 In death-like slumbers; while thy dangers crave
 A waking eye and hand? look up and see
 The Fates ripe, in their great conspiracy.

LV.

Know'st thou not how of th' *Hebrew's* royal stem,
 That old dry stock, a despair'd branch is sprung,
 A most strange Babe! who here conceal'd by them
 In a neglected stable lies, among
 Beasts and base straw: already is the stream
 Quite turn'd: th' ingrateful rebels this their young
 Master, with voice free as the trump of *Fame*,
 Their new king, and thy successor proclaim.

LVI.

What busy motions, what wild engines stand
 On tiptoe in their giddy brains? th' have fire
 Already in their bosoms; and the hand
 Already reaches at a sword; they hire
 Poisons to speed thee; yet through all the land
 What one comes to reveal what they conspire?

Go now, make much of these; wage still their
 wars,

And bring home on thy breast more thankless
 scars.

LVII.

Why did I spend my life, and spill my blood,
 That thy firm hand for ever might sustain
 A well-pois'd sceptre? does it now seem good
 Thy brother's blood be spilt, life spent in vain?
 'Gainst thy own sons and brothers thou hast stood
 In arms, when lesser cause was to complain:

And now cross fates a watch about thee keep,
 Can'st thou be careless now, now can'st thou
 sleep?

Where

LVIII.

Where art thou man? what cowardly mistake
 Of thy great self, hath stol'n king *Herod* from thee?
 O call thyself home to thyself; wake, wake,
 And fence the hanging sword heav'n throws upon
 thee;
 Redeem a worthy wrath, rouse thee, and shake
 Thyself into a shape that may become thee:
 Be *Herod*; and thou shalt not miss from me,
 Immortal stings to thy great thoughts, and thee.

LIX.

So said, her richest snake, which to her wrist
 For a befitting bracelet she had tied,
 A special worm it was as ever kist
 The foamy lips of *Cerberus*, she apply'd
 To the king's heart; the snake no sooner hiss'd,
 But virtue heard it, and away she hied,
 Dire flames diffuse themselves through every
 vein,
 This done, home to her hell she hied again.

He

LX.

He wakes, and with him, ne'er to sleep, new fears ;
 His sweet-bedewed bed had now betray'd him
 To a vast field of thorns, ten thousand spears
 All pointed in his heart seem'd to invade him :
 So mighty were the amazing characters,
 With which his feeling dream had thus dismay'd
 him,

He his own fancy-framed foes defies ;
 In rage, *my arms ! give me my arms !* he cries.

LXI.

As when a pile of food-preparing fire,
 The breath of artificial lungs embraves,
 The caldron-prison'd waters streight conspire,
 And beat the hot brags with rebellious waves ?
 He murmurs and rebukes their bold desire ;
 Th' impatient liquor, frets, and foams, and raves ;
 Till his o'erflowing pride suppress the flame,
 Whence all his spirits, and hot courage came.

So

LXII.

So boils the fired *Herod's* blood-swoln breast,
 Not to be slack'd but by a sea of blood :
 His faithless crown he feels loose on his crest,
 Which on false Tyrant's head ne'er firmly stood ;
 The worm of jealous Envy and unrest,
 To which his gnaw'd heart is the growing food,
 Makes him impatient of the ling'ring light,
 Hate the sweet peace of all-composing night.

LXIII.

A thousand prophecies that talk strange things,
 Had sown of old these doubts in his deep breast;
 And now of late came tributary kings,
 Bringing him nothing but new fears from th' *East*,
 More deep suspicions, and more deadly stings:
 With which his sev'rous cares their cold increas'd,
 And now his dream, hell's firebrand, still more
 bright,
 Shew'd him his fears, and kill'd him with the sight.

LXIV.

No sooner, therefore, shall the morning see;
 Night hangs yet heavy on the lids of day;
 But all his counsellors must summon'd be,
 To meet their troubled lord: without delay
 Heralds and messengers immediately
 Are sent about, who posting every way
 To th' heads and officers of every band;
 Declare who sends, and what is his command:

LXV.

Why art thou troubled Herod? what vain fear
 Thy blood-revolving breast to rage doth move?
 Heaven's king, who doff himself weak flesh to wear,
 Comes not to rule in wrath, but serve in love:
 Nor would he thisthy fear'd crown from thee tear,
 But give thee a better with himself above.
 Poor jealousy! why should he wish to prey
 Upon thy crown, who gives his own away.

Make

LXVI.

Make to thy reason man ; and mock thy doubts,
 Look how below thy fears their causes are ;
 Thou art a soldier *Herod* ; send thy scouts,
 See how he's furnish'd for so fear'd a war ;
 What armour does he wear ?—a few thin clouts :
 His trumpets ?—tender cries ; his men to dare
 So much ? rude shepherds. —What his steeds ?
 —alas,
 Poor beasts !—a slow ox, and a simple ass.

Il fine del Libro primo.

CETERA DESUNT, —*heu ! heu !*

TO THE MORNING.

SATISFACTION FOR SLEEP.

WHAT succour can I hope the muse will send,
 Whose drowfiness hath wrong'd the muse's friend?
 What hope, *Aurora*, to propitiate thee,
 Unless the muse sing my apology?

O, in that morning of my shame, when I
 Lay folded up in sleep's captivity;
 How, at the sight, did'st thou draw back thine eyes,
 Into thy modest veil!—how did'st thou rise
 Twice dy'd in thine own blushes, and did'st run
 To draw the curtains, and awake the sun!
 Who, rousing his illustrious tresses, came,
 And, seeing the loath'd object, hid, for shame,
 His head in thy fair bosom; and still hides
 Me from his patronage! I pray, he chides;
 And, pointing to dull *Morpheus*, bids me take
 My own *Apollo*; try if I can make
 His *Lethe* be my *Helicon*; and see
 If *Morpheus* have a muse to wait on me.

Hence

Hence 'tis, my humble fancy finds no wings ;
 No nimble rapture starts to heaven, and brings
 Enthusiastic flames, such as can give
 Marrow to my plump genius ; make it live,
 Drest in the glorious madness of a muse,
 Whose feet can walk the milky-way, and chuse
 Her starry throne ; whose holy heats can warm
 The grave, and hold up an exalted arm
 To lift me from my lazy urn, and climb
 Upon the stoop'd shoulders of old time, —
 To trace eternity !—But all is dead ;
 All these delicious hopes are buried
 In the deep wrinkles of his angry brow,
 Where mercy cannot find them !—but O, thou
 Bright Lady of the morn, pity doth lie
 So warm in thy soft breast, it cannot die !
 Have mercy then, and, when he next shall rise,
 O meet the angry god ; invade his eyes,
 And stroke his radiant cheeks !—one timely kiss
 Will kill his anger, and revive my blifs !
 So, to the treasure of thy pearly dew,
 Thrice will I pay three tears, to show how true
 My grief is ; so, my wakeful lay shall knock
 At th' oriental gates, and duly mock

The

The early lark's shrill orisons, to be
 An anthem at the day's nativity!
 And the same rosy-finger'd hand of thine,
 That shuts night's dying eyes, shall open mine!

But thou, faint god of sleep, forget that I
 Was ever known to be thy votary:
 No more my pillow shall thine altar be,
 Nor will I offer any more to thee
 Myself a melting sacrifice! I'm born
 Again, a fresh child of the buxom morn,
 Heir of the sun's first beams!—Why threat'st
 thou so?

Why dost thou shake thy leaden sceptre?—Go;
 Bestow thy poppy upon wakeful woe,—
 Sicknefs, and sorrow; whose pale lids ne'er know
 Thy downy finger;—dwell upon their eyes;—
 Shut in their tears;—shut out; their—miserics!

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UPON THE DEATH OF A GENTLEMAN.

IF ever pity were acquainted
 With stern *Death*, if e'er he fainted,
 Or forgot the cruel vigor,
 Of an adamantyne rigor,
 Here, O here we should have known it,
 Here, or no where he'd have shown it.
 For he, whose precious memory,
 Bathes in tears of every eye:
 He, to whom our sorrow brings
 All the streams of all her springs,
 Was so rich in Grace and Nature,
 In all the gifts that bless a creature;
 The fresh hopes of his lovely youth,
 Flourish'd in so fair a growth:
 So sweet the temple was, that shrin'd
 The sacred sweetness of his mind!
 That could the *Fates* know to relent;
 Could they know what mercy meant;
 Or had ever learnt to bear,
 The soft tincture of a tear;

Tears

Tears would now have flow'd so deep,
 As might have taught *Grief* how to weep;
 Now all their steely operation,
 Would quite have lost the cruel fashion:
Sickness would have gladly been,
 Sick himself to have sav'd him:
 And his fever wish'd to prove
 Burning only in his love!
 Him when *Wrath* itself had seen,
Wrath itself had lost his spleen;
 Grim *Destruction* here amaz'd,
 Instead of striking, would have gaz'd!
 Even the iron-pointed pen,
 That notes the tragic dooms of men,
 Wet with tears still'd from the eyes,
 Of the flinty *Destinies*,
 Would have learnt a softer style,
 And would have been asham'd to spoil
 His life's sweet story, by the haste
 Of a cruel stop. — ill plac'd!
 In the dark volume of our fate,
 Whence each leaf of life hath date,
 Where in sad particulars,
 The total sum of man appears;

And

And the short clause of mortal breath,
Bounds in, the period of death:

In all the book, if any where

Such a term as this—SPARE HERE !—

Could have been found, 'twould have been read,

Writ in white letters o'er his head:

Or close unto his name annex;

The fair gloss of a fairer text.

In brief, if any one were free,

He was that one,—and only he.

But he, alas! even he is dead,

And our hope's fair harvest spread

In the dust; *Pity* now spend,

All the tears that *Grief* can lend;

~~Sad *Mortality* may hide,~~

~~In his ashes all her pride,~~

~~With this inscription o'er his head;~~

~~All hope of never dying, — here lies dead!~~

UPON

And

UPON THE DUKE OF YORK'S* BIRTH.

A PANEGRIC.

BRTAIN, the mighty ocean's lovely bride,
Now stretch thyself, fair isle! and grow; spread
wide

Thy bosom and make room; thou art oppress'd
With thine own glories; and art strangely blest
Beyond thyself: for lo! the gods, the gods
Come fast upon thee, and those glorious odds,
Swell thy full glories to a pitch so high,
As sits above thy best capacity!

Are they not odds? and glorious? that to thee
Those mighty *Genii* throng, which well might be
Each one an age's labour; that thy days
Are gilded with the union of those rays,
Whose each-divided beam would be a sun,
To glad the sphere of any nation.
O, if for these thou mean'st to find a seat,
Th'ast need, O *Britain!* to be truly great!
And so thou art, their presence makes thee so;
They are thy greatness; gods where'er they go,

Bring

* Afterwards King James II.

Bring their heaven with them, their great foot-
steps place

An everlasting smile upon the face
Of the glad earth they tread on, while with thee
Those beams that amplify mortality,
And teach it to expatiate, and swell
To majesty and fulness, deign to dwell;
Thou by thyself may'st fit, blest isle! and see,
How thy great mother *Nature* dotes on thee!
Thee, therefore, from the rest apart she hurl'd,
And seem'd to make an isle, but made, a—world!

Great *Charles!* thou sweet dawn of a glorious day,
Centre of those thy grandfathers, I say
Henry and *James*, or *Mars* and *Phæbus* rather?
If this were wisdom's god, that war's stern father,
'Tis but the same, is said, *Henry* and *James*,
Are *Mars* and *Phæbus* under divers names.

O thou full mixture of those mighty souls,
Whose vast intelligences tun'd the poles
Of peace and war; thou for whose manly brow,
Both laurels twine into one wreath, and woo
To be thy garland! see, sweet Prince! O see
Thou and thy lovely hopes that smile in thee,

Are,

Are ta'en out, and transcrib'd by thy great mother!
 See, see thy real shadow, see thy brother,
 Thy little self in less, read in these eyne
 The beams that dance in those full stars of thine.
 From the same snowy alabaster rock
 These hands and thine were hewn, these cherries
 mock

The coral of thy lips. Thou art of all
 This well-wrought copy, the fair principal.

Justly, great *Nature*, may'st thou brag and tell
 How ev'n th'ast drawn this faithful parallel,
 And match'd thy master-piece: O then go on,
 Make such another sweet comparison:—
 See'st thou that *Mary* there? O teach her mother
 To shew her to herself in such another;
 Follow this wonder too, nor let her shine
 Alone, light such another star, and twine
 Their rosy beams, so that the morn for one
 * *Venus*, may have a constellation.

So have I seen, to dress their mistresses, *May*,
 Two filken sister flowers consult, and lay
 Their bashful cheeks together, newly they
 Peept from their buds, shew'd like the garden's eyes
 Scarce wak'd: like was the crimson of their joys,

Like

Like were the pearls they wept, so like that one
Seem'd but the other's kind reflexion.

But stay, what glimpse was that? why blush'd
the day?

Why ran the started air trembling away?

Who's this that comes circled in rays, that scorn
Acquaintance with the sun? what second morn

At mid-day ope's a presence, which heaven's eye
Stands off and points at? is't some deity,

Stept from her throne of stars, deigns to be seen?

Is it some deity? or is't our queen?

'Tis she, 'tis she! her awful beauties chafe

The day's abashed glories, and in face

Of noon wear their own sunshine! O thou bright

Mistress of wonders! *Cynthia's* is the night;

But thou at noon dost shine, and art all day,

Nor does the sun deny't our *Cynthia*;

Illustrious sweetness! in thy faithful womb,

That nest of *Heroes*, all our hopes find room;

Thou art the mother *Phoenix*, and thy breast,

Chaste as that virgin honour of the *East*,

But much more fruitful is; nor does, as she,

Deny to mighty love a deity:

Then let the eastern world brag and be proud
 Of one coy *Phœnix*, while we have a brood,
 A brood of *Phœnixes*, and still the mother;*
 And may we long; long may'st thou live, t' en-
 crease

The house and family of *Phœnixes*:
 Nor may the light that gives their eye-lids light,
 E'er prove the dismal morning of thy night;
 Ne'er may a birth of thine be bought so dear,
 To make his costly cradle of thy bier.
 O may'st thou thus make all the year thine own,
 And see such names of joy fit white upon
 The brow of every month; and when that's done,
 May'st in a son of his find every son
 Repeated, and that son still in another,
 And so in each child often prove a mother!
 Long may'st thou, laden with such clusters, lean
 Upon thy royal elm, fair vine! and when
 The heavens will stay no longer, may thy glory
 And name dwell sweet in some eternal story!
 Pardon, bright excellence! an untun'd string,
 That in thy ears thus keeps a murmuring;

* A line seems wanting, but it is so in the original Copy.

O speak a lowly muse's pardon; speak
 Her pardon or her sentence; only break
 Thy silence! speak; and she shall take from thence
 Numbers, and sweetness, and an influence
 Confessing thee! or, if too long I stay,
 O, speak thou, and my pipe hath nought to say;
 For see, *Apollo* all this while stands mute,
 Expecting by thy voice to tune his lute.
 But gods are gracious: and their altars, make
 Precious the offerings that their altars take;
 Give then this rural wreath, fire from thine eyes;
 This rural wreath dares be thy sacrifice!

UPON

UPON THE DEATH OF A GENTLEMAN.

DEATH, what dost? O hold thy blow,
 What thou dost, thou dost not know,
 Death, thou must not here be cruel,
 This is Nature's choicest jewel :
 This is he in whose rare frame,
 Nature labour'd for a name ;
 And meant to leave his precious feature,
 The pattern of a perfect creature.
 Joy of goodness, love of art,
 Virtue wears him next her heart :
 Him the muses love to follow,
 Him they call their vice-*Apollo*,
~~A~~*pollo* golden though thou be,
 Th' art not fairer than is he ;
 Nor more lovely list'ft thy head,
 Blushing from thine eastern bed,
 The glories of thy youth ne'er knew
 Brighter hopes than he can shew ;

Who

Why then should it e'er be seen,
 That his should fade while thine is green?
 And wilt thou, wilt thou, cruel boast!
 Put poor Nature to such cost?
 O 'twill undo our common mother,
 To be at charge of such another:
 What! think we to no other end,
 Gracious heaven do use to send
 Earth her best perfection,
 But to vanish and be gone?
 Therefore only give to day,
 To morrow to be snatch'd away?
 I've seen indeed the hopeful bud,
 Of a ruddy rose, that stood
 Blushing to behold the ray
 Of the new saluted day,
 His tender top not fully spread,
 The sweet dash of a shower now shed,
 Invited him no more to hide
 Within himself the purple pride
 Of his forward flower, when lo,
 While he sweetly 'gan to show
 His swelling glories, *Auster* spied him,
 Cruel *Auster* thither hied him,

And

Who

And with the rush of one rude blast,
 Sham'd not spitefully to waste
 All his leaves, so fresh, so sweet,
 And lay them trembling at his feet.
 I've seen the morning's lovely ray,
 Hover o'er the new-born day,
 With rosy wings so richly bright,
 As if he scorn'd to think of night,
 When a ruddy storm, whose scowl
 Made heaven's radiant face look foul,
 Call'd for an untimely night,
 To blot the newly blossom'd light.
 But were the rose's blush so rare,
 Were the morning's smile so fair
 As is he, nor cloud nor wind
 But would be courteous,—would be kind.

Spare him, *Death*, O spare him then,
 Spare the sweetest among men:
 Let not *Pity* with her tears,
 Keep such distance from thine ears;—
 But O thou wilt not, can'st not spare,
Haste hath never time to hear;

Therefore

Therefore if he needs must go,
 And the *Fates* will have it so;
 Softly may he be posselt,
 Of his monumental rest !
 Safe, thou dark home of the dead,
 Safe, O hide his lovely head !
 For *Pity's* fake, O hide him quite,
 From his mother *Nature's* sight;
 Left, for the grief his loss may move,
 All her births abortive prove.

ON A FOUL MORNING,

Being then to take a Journey.

WHERE art thou, *Sol*, while thus the blind-
fold day,

Staggers out of the East, losing her way —
Stumbling on night? Rouse thee, illustrious youth,
And let not dull mists choke the light's fair growth;
Point here thy beams, O glance on yonder flocks,
And make their fleeces golden as thy locks:
Unfold thy fair front, and there shall appear
Full glory, flaming in her own free sphere.
Gladness shall clothe the earth, we will instill
The face of things, an universal smile:
Say to the fullen *Morn*, thou com'st to court her;
And wilt demand proud *Zephirus* to sport her
With wanton gales; his balmy breath shall lick
The tender drops which tremble on her cheek;
Which rarified, and in a gentle rain
On those delicious banks distill'd again,
Shall rise in a sweet harvest; which discloses
To every blushing bed of new-born roses.

He'll

He'll fan her bright locks teaching them to flow,
 And frisk in curl'd meanders : he will throw
 A fragrant breath suck'd from the spicy nest
 O' th' precious *Phœnix*, warm upon her breast ;
 He with a dainty and soft hand, will trim
 And brush her azure mantle, which shall swim
 In filken volumes, wherefoe'er she'll tread,
 Bright clouds like golden fleeces shall be spread.

Rise then, fair blue-ey'd maid, rise and discover
 Thy silver brow, and meet thy golden lover.
 See how he runs, with what a hasty flight
 Into thy bosom, bath'd with liquid light.
 Fly, fly, prophane fogs, far hence fly away,
 Taint not the pure streams of the springing day,
 With your dull influence, it is for you,
 To sit and scowl upon night's heavy brow ;
 Not on the fresh cheeks of the virgin morn,
 Where nought but smiles, and ruddy joys are
 worn,

Fly then, and do not think with her to stay ;
 Let it suffice—she'll wear no mask to-day.

LOVE'S HOROSCOPE.

LOVE, brave virtue's younger brother,
 Erst hath made my heart a mother,
 She consults the conscious spheres,
 To calculate her young son's years.
 She asks if sad, or saving pow'rs,
 Gave omen to his infant hours ;
 She asks each star that then stood by,
 If poor *Love* shall live or die.

Ah my heart, is that the way ?
 Are these the beams that rule thy day ?
 Thou know'st a face in whose each look,
Beauty lays ope *Love's* fortune-book,
 On whose fair revolutions wait
 The obsequious motions of *Love's* fate !
 Ah, my heart ! her eyes and she,
 Have taught thee new astrology.
 Howe'er *Love's* native hours were set,
 What ever starry synod met,
 'Tis in the mercy of her eye,
 If poor *Love* shall live or die ?

If

If those sharp rays putting on
 Points of death bid *Love* begone,
 Though the heavens in council fate,
 To crown an uncontrouled fate,
 Though their best aspects twin'd upon
 The kindest constellation,
 Cast amorous glances on his birth,
 And whisper'd the confederate earth
 To pave his paths with all the good
 That warms the bed of youth and blood ;
Love has no plea against her eye
Beauty frowns, and *Love* must die.

But if her milder influence move,
 And gild the hopes of humble *Love* ;
 Though Heaven's inauspicious eye
 Lay black on *Love's* nativity ;
 Though every di'mond in *Jove's* crown
 Fix'd his forehead to a frown ;
 Her eye a strong appeal can give,
Beauty smiles, and *Love* shall live.

Or if *Love* shall live, O where
 But in her eye, or in her ear,

In

In her breast, or in her breath,
Shall I hide poor *Love* from death ?
For in the life ought else can give,
Love shall die, although he live.

Or if *Love* shall die, O where,
But in her eye, or in her ear,
In her breath or in her breast,
Shall I build his funeral nest ?
While *Love* shall thus entombed lie,
Love shall live, although he die !

CUPID'S



C U P I D ' s C R Y E R ,

O U T O F T H E G R E E K .

LOVE is lost, nor can his mother
 Her little fugitive discover :
 She seeks, she sighs, but no where spies him ;
Love is lost; and thus she cries him :
 O yes! if any happy eye,
 This roving wanton shall descry :
 Let the finder surely know
 Mine is the wag; 'tis I that owe
 The winged wand'rer, and that none
 May think his labour vainly gone,
 The glad descryer shall not miss,
 To taste the *Nectar* of a kiss
 From *Venus*' Lips; but as for him
 That brings him to me, he shall swim
 In riper joys; more shall be his,
Venus assures him, than a kiss;
 But, lest your eye discerning slide,
 These marks may be your judgment's guide:

His

His skin, as with a fiery blushing
 High-colour'd is; his eyes still flushing
 With nimble flames, and though his mind
 Be ne'er so curst, his tongue is kind:
 For never were his words in ought
 Found the pure issue of his thought.
 The working bees soft melting gold,
 That which their waxen mines enfold,
 Flow not so sweet as do the tones
 Of his tun'd accents; but if once
 His anger kindle, presently
 It boils out into cruelty,
 And fraud: he makes poor mortal's hurts,
 The objects of his cruel sports;
 With dainty curls his froward face
 Is crown'd about! but O what place,
 What farthest nook of lowest hell
 Feels not the strength, the reaching spell
 Of his small hand? yet not so small
 As 'tis powerful therewithal;
 Though bare his skin, his mind he covers
 And like a faucy bird he hovers
 With wanton wing, now here, now there,
 'Bout men and women; nor will spare,

Till

Till at length, he perching, rest
 In the closet of their breast,
 His weapon is a little bow,
 Yet such a one as, *Jove* knows how,
 Ne'er suff' red yet his little arrow,
 Of heaven's high't arches to fall narrow.
 The gold that on his quiver smiles,
 Deceives men's fears with flattering wiles:
 But O, too well my wounds can tell,
 With bitter shafts 'tis fauc'd too well;
 He is all cruel, cruel all;
 His torch imperious, though but small,
 Makes the sun,—of flames the fire,—
 Worse than sun-burnt in his fire:
 Where'soe'er you chance to find him,
 Seize him, bring him, but first bind him;
 Pity not him, but fear thyself,
 Though thou see the crafty elf,
 Tell down his silver drops unto thee,
 They're counterfeit, and will undo thee;
 With baited smiles if he display
 His fawning cheeks, look not that way:
 If he offer sugar'd kisses,
 Start, and say, the serpent hisses:

Draw

Draw him, drag him, though he pray
 Woo, intreat, and crying, say
 Prithee, sweet, now let me go,
 Here's my quiver, shafts and bow,
 I'll give thee all, take all!—take heed,
 Lest his kindness make thee bleed.
 Whate'er it be *Love* offers, still presume
 That though it shines, 'tis fire, and will consume.

AN EPI T A P H

*Upon a Husband and Wife, who died, and were buried
together.*

TO these, whom death again did wed,
This grave's the second marriage-bed ;
For tho' the hand of fate could force,
'Twixt soul and body a divorce ;
It could not sever man and wife,
Because they both liv'd but one life : —
Peace, good reader, do not weep ;
Peace, the lovers are asleep ;
They, sweet turtles, folded lie,
In the last knot that love could tie!
Let them sleep, let them sleep on,
Till this stormy night be gone,
And the eternal morrow dawn,
Then the curtains will be drawn,
And they wake into a light,
Whose day shall never die in night.

ON HOPE.

BY WAY OF QUESTION AND ANSWER,

BETWEEN

A. COWLEY, AND R. CRASHAW.

COWLEY.

HOPE, whose weak being ruin'd is,
Alike, if it succeed, and if it miss:
Whom ill and good doth equally confound,
And both the horns of fate's dilemma wound:
Vain shadow! that doth vanish quite,
Both at full noon, and perfect night:
The Fates have not a possibility
Of blessing thee.
If things then, from their ends, we happy call,
'Tis Hope is the most hopeless thing of all.

Dear

W A I L A N D
C R A S H A W.

Dear Hope! earth's dowry, and heaven's debt,
 The entity of things that are not yet:
 Subt'lest, but surest being! thou by whom
 Our nothing hath a definition:

Fair cloud of fire, both shade and light,

Our life in death, our day in night.

Fates cannot find out a capacity

Of hurting thee:

From thee their thin dilemma with blunt horn

Shrinks, like the sick moon at the whollsome morn!

C O W L E Y.

Hope, thou bold taster of delight,

Who, 'stead of doing so, devour'st it quite.

Thou bring'st us an estate, yet leav'st us poor,

By clogging it with legacies before:

The joys which we entire should wed,

Come devour'd virgins to our bed:

Good fortunes without gain imported be,

So mighty custom's paid to thee!

For joy, like wine kept close, doth better taste:

If it take air before its spirits waste.

Thou

Dear

C R A S H A W.

Thou art Love's legacy under lock
 Of faith: the steward of our growing stock:
 Our crown-lands lie above, yet each meal brings
 A seemly portion of the sons of kings:
 Nor will the virgin-joys we wed,
 Come less unbroken to our bed;
 Because that from the bridal cheek of bliss,
 Thou thus steal'st down a distant kiss;
 Hope's chaste kifs, wrongs no more joy's
 maidenhead,
 Than spousal rites prejudge the marriage-bed.

C O W L E Y.

Hope, fortune's cheating lottery,
 Where, for one prize, an hundred blanks there be:
 Fond archer Hope, who tak'st thine aim so fair,
 That still, or short, or wide, thine arrows are,
 Thine empty cloud the eye itself deceives,
 With shapes that our own fancy gives:
 A cloud, which gilt and painted, now appears,
 But must drop presently in tears:
 When thy false beams o'er reason's light prevail,
 By *ignes fatui*, not *North stars* we fail.

C R A S H A W.

C R A S H A W.

Fair Hope ! our earlier heaven, by thee
 Young Time is taster to eternity:
 The generous wine with age grows strong, not four;
 Nor needs we kill thy fruit to smell thy flow'r:
 Thy golden head never hangs down,
 Till in the lap of Love's full noon,
 It falls and dies: O no, it melts away,
 As doth the dawn into the day:
 As lumps of sugar lose themselves, and twine
 Their subtle essence with the soul of wine.

C O W L E Y.

Brother of Fear! more gaily clad,
 The merrier fool o' th' two, yet quite as mad:
 Sire of repentance! shield of fond desire,
 That blows the Chymist's, and the Lover's fire;
 Still leading them insensible on,
 With the strange witchcraft of Anon:
 By thee, the one doth, changing Nature through,
 Her endless labyrinths pursue,
 And th' other chases woman, while she goes
 More ways, and turns, than hunted Nature knows.

CRASHAW.

C R A S H A W.

Fortune, alas, above the world's law wars :
 Hope kicks the curl'd heads of conspiring stars :
 Her keel cuts not the waves, where our winds stir,
 And Fate's whole lottery is one blank to her ;
 Her shafts, and she fly far above,
 And forage in the fields of light, and love.
 Sweet Hope! kind cheat! fair fallacy! by thee,
 We are not where, or what we be,
 But what, and where we would: thus art thou
 Our absent presence, and our future now.

C O W L E Y.

Faith's sister! nurse of fair desire!
Fear's antidote! a wife, and well stay'd fire,
 Temper'd 'twixt cold despair and torrid joy!
 Queen regent in young *Love's* minority!
 Tho' the vex'd chymist vainly chafes
 His fugitive gold through all her faces,
 And *Love's* more fierce, more fruitless fires assay,
 One face more fugitive than all they,
 True *Hope's* a glorious huntress, and her chase,
 The God of *Nature*, in the field of *Grace*!

ON

ON A TREATISE OF CHARITY.

RISE then, immortal maid! *Religion* rise!
 Put on thyself in thine own looks : t' our eyes
 Be what thy beauties, not our blots have made thee;
 Such as our darker sins, to dust betray'd thee,
 Heav'n set thee down new drest; when thy
 bright birth
 Shot thee like lightning to th' astonish'd earth!
 From th' dawn of thy fair eye-lids, wipe away
 Dull mists and melancholy clouds: take day
 And thine own beams about thee; bring the best
 Of whatsoe'er perfum'd thy *eastern nest*:
 Gird all thy glories to thee: then sit down;
 Open this book, fair Queen, *and take thy crown*:
 These learned leaves shall vindicate to thee,
 Thy holiest, humblest, handmaid, *Charity*:
 She'll dress thee like thyself, set thee on high,
 Where thou shall reach all hearts, command
 each eye:
 Lo, where I see thy off'rings wake and rise
 From the pale dust of that strange sacrifice,

Which

Which they themselves were; each putting on
 A majesty that may beseem thy throne :
 The holy youth of heav'n, whose golden rings
 Girt round thy awful altars, with bright wings,
 Fanning their fair locks, which the world believes
 As much as fees, shall, with these sacred leaves,
 Trick their tall plumes, and in that garb shall go,
 If not more glorious, more conspicuous tho'.

..... Be it enacted then,
 By the fair laws of thy firm pointed pen,
 God's services no longer shall put on
A sluttishness, for pure Religion :
 No longer shall our churches' frighten'd stones
 Lie scatter'd, like the burnt and martyr'd bones
 Of dead devotion; nor faint marbles weep
 In their sad ruins; nor *Religion* keep
 A melancholy mansion in those cold
 Urns; like Gold's sanctuaries they look'd of old:
 Now seem they Temples consecrate to *none*,
 Or to a *new* God, *Desolation!*
 No more the hypocrite shall th' *upright* be,
 Because he's stiff, and will confess no knee:
 While others bend their knee, no more shalt thou,
 Disdainful dust and ashes! — bend thy brow;

Nor

Nor on God's altar cast *two scorching eyes*,
 Bak'd in hot scorn, for a *burnt sacrifice* :
 But, for a *lamb*, thy tame and tender heart,
 New struck by love, still trembling on his dart:
 Or, for two *turtle doves*, it shall suffice,
 To bring a pair of meek and humble eyes :—
 This shall, from henceforth be the masculine theme,
 Pulpits and pens shall sweat in ; to redeem
 Virtue to action, that life-feeding flame,
 That keeps *Religion* warm: not swell a *name*
 Of faith, a *mountain word*, made up of air,
 With those dear spoils, that wont to dress the fair
 And fruitful Charity's full breasts, of old,
 Turning her out to tremble in the cold !
 What can the poor, hope from us? when we be
Uncharitable — ev'n to *Charity* !

A S Q N C

OUT, OF THE ITALIAN.

To thy Lover

Dear, discover

That sweet-blush of thine, that shameth,

When the roses

It discloses,

All the flowers that Nature nameth !

In free air,

Flow thy hair,

That no more Summer's best dresses,

Be beholden

For their golden

Locks, to *Phæbus*' flaming tresses.

O deliver

O deliver
 Love his quiver ;
 From thy eyes he shoots his arrows ;
 Where *Apollo*
 Cannot follow ;
 Feather'd with his mother's sparrows !

O, envy not,
 That we die not,
 Those dear lips, whose door encloses
 All the Graces
 In their places,
 Brother pearls, and sister roses !

From these treasures
 Of ripe pleasures,
 One bright smile to clear the weather :
 Earth and heaven,
 Thus made even,
 Both will be good friends together.

The air does woo thee,
Winds cling to thee,
Might a word once fly from out thee,
Storm and thunder,
Would fit under,
And be silent round about thee !

But if *Nature's*
Common creatures,
So dear glories dare not borrow ;
Yet thy beauty
Owes a duty
To my loving,—ling'ring sorrow !

When to end me,
Death shall send me
All his terrors, to affright me !
Thine eyes' graces,
Gild their faces,
And those terrors shall delight me !

When

When my dying
 Life is flying ;
 Those sweet airs, that often flew me,
 Shall revive me,
 Or reprove me,
 And, to many deaths renew me !

UPON THE DEATH OF A GENTLEMAN.

FAITHLESS and fond *Mortality*,
 Who will ever credit thee?
 Fond and faithless thing! that thus,
 In our best hopes beguilest us:—
 What a reckoning hast thou made,
 Of the hopes in him we laid?
 For life by volumes lengthened,
 A line or two, to speak him dead!
 For the laurel in his verse,
 The fullen cypress o'er his hearse;
 For a silver crowned head,—
 A dusty pillow in *Death's* bed!
 For so dear, so deep a trust,—
 Sad requital,—thus much dust!
 Now, tho' the blow that snatch'd him hence,
 Stop'd the mouth of *Eloquence*:
 Tho' she be dumb e'er since his death,
 Not us'd to speak, but in his breath;
 Yet if at least she not denies,
 The sad language of our eyes,

We

We are contented :—for than this
 Language none more fluent is ;
 Nothing speaks our grief so well,
 As to speak nothing :—come then, tell
 Thy mind in tears, whoe'er thou be,
 That ow'st a name to misery :
 Eyes are vocal, tears have tongues,
 And there be words not made with lungs ;
 Sententious showers ! O, let them fall,
 Their cadence is rhetorical !
 Here's a theme will drink th' expence,
 Of all thy wat'ry eloquence :
 Weep then, only be exprest
 Thus much,—*he's dead !* and—weep the rest !

OUT

OUT OF CATULLUS.

COME, and let us live my dear,

Let us love and never fear,

What the fourest fathers say:

Brightest Sol, that dies to day,

Lives again as blithe to morrow;

But if we, dark sons of sorrow,

Set, O then, how long a night,

Shuts the eyes of our short light!

Then let amorous kisses dwell

On our lips, begin and tell,

A thousand and a hundred score,

A hundred and a thousand more,

Till another thousand smother,

That, and that wipe of another;

Thus at last, when we have number'd

Many a thousand, many a hundred;

We'll confound the reckoning quite,

And lose ourselves in wild delight:

While our joys so multiply,

As shall mock the envious eye.

IN

IN PRAISE OF THE SPRING,

OUT OF VIRGIL,

ALL trees, all leafy groves confess the Spring,
 Their gentlest friend, then, then the lands begin
 To swell with forward pride; and seed, desire
 To generation; heaven's Almighty Sire
 Melts on the bosom of his love, and pours
 Himself into her lap, in fruitful show'rs,
 And by a soft insinuation, mix'd
 With earth's large mass, doth cherish and assist
 Her weak conceptions; no lone shade, but rings
 With chattering birds, delicious murmurings:
 Then *Venus*' mild instinct, at set times, yields
 The herds to kindly meetings, then the fields,
 Quick with warm *Zephyrs*' lively breath, lay forth
 Their pregnant bosoms, in a fragrant birth;
 Each body's plump and juicy, all things full
 Of supple moisture: no coy twig but will
 Trust his beloved bosom to the sun,
 Grown lusty now; no vine so weak and young,
 That fears the foul-mouth'd *Auster*, or those storms
 That the south-west wind hurries in his arms;

But

But hastes his forward blossoms, and lays out,
 Freely lays out her leaves; nor do I doubt,
 But when the world first out of *Chaos* sprung,
 So smil'd the days, and so the tenor ran
 Of their felicity: a spring was there,
 An everlasting spring, the jolly year
 Led round in his great circle; no wind's breath
 As then did smell of *Winter*, or of *Death*!
 When life's sweet light first shone on beasts,
 and when
 From their hard mother earth, sprung hardy men;
 When beasts took up their lodging in the wood,
 Stars in their higher chambers: never cou'd
 The tender growth of things endure the sense
 Of such a change, but that the heaven's indulgence
 Kindly supplies sick *Nature*, and doth mold
 A sweetly temper'd mean, nor hot nor cold.

MUSIC:

MUSIC'S DUEL.

Now westward Sol had spent the richest beams
Of noon's high glory, when hard by the streams
Of *Tiber*, on the scene of a green plat,
Under protection of an oak; there sat
A sweet Lute's-master: in whose gentle airs
He lost the day's heat, and his own hot cares.

Close in the covert of the leaves, there stood
A Nightingale, come from the neighbouring wood;
The sweet inhabitant of each glad tree,
Their muse, their *Syren*, harmless *Syren* she!
There stood she list'ning, and did entertain
The music's soft report: and mould the same
In her own murmurs, that whatever mood
His curious fingers lent, her voice made good:
The man perceiv'd his rival, and her art,
Dispos'd to give the light-foot lady sport,
Awakes his lute, and 'gainst the fight to come,
Informs it, in a sweet *præludium*
Of closer strains, and e'er the war begin,
He lightly skirmishes on every string,

Charg'd

Charg'd with a flying touch; and streightway she
 Carves out her dainty voice as readily,
 Into a thousand sweet distinguish'd tones,
 And reckons up, in soft divisions,
 Quick volumes of wild notes; to let him know,
 By that shrill taste, she could do something too.

His nimble hands, instinct, then taught each
 string

A cap'ring chearfulness; and made them sing
 To their own dance; now negligently rash
 He throws his arm, and with a long drawn dash
 Blends altogether, then distinctly trips
 From this to that, then quick returning, skips
 And snatches this again, and pauses there.
 She measures every measure, every where
 Meets art with art; sometimes as if in doubt,
 Not perfect yet, and fearing to be out,
 Trails her plain ditty in one long-spun note,
 Through the sleek passage of her open throat;
 A clear unwrinkl'd song! then doth she point it
 With tender accents, and severely joint it,
 By short diminutives, that being rear'd
 In controverting warbles ev'nly shar'd,

With

With her sweet-self she wrangles, he amaz'd,
 That from so small a channel should be rais'd
 The torrent of a voice, whose melody
 Could melt into such sweet variety,
 Strains higher yet, that tickled with rare art,
 The tattling strings, each breathing in his part,
 Most kindly do fall out, the grumbling base,
 In surly groans disdains the treble's grace;
 The high-perch'd treble chirps at this, and chides,
 Until his finger, moderator, hides,
 And closes the sweet quarrel, rousing all
 Hoarse, shrill at once; as when the trumpets call
 Hot *Mars* to th' harvest of *Death's* field, and woo
 Men's hearts into their hands; this lesson too
 She gives him back, her supple breast thrills out
 Sharp airs, and staggers in the warbling doubt
 Of dallying sweetness, hovers o'er her skill,
 And folds in wav'd notes with a trembling bill:
 The pliant series of her slippery song;
 Then starts she suddenly into a throng
 Of short thick sobs, whose thund'ring volleys float
 In panting murmurs, still'd out of her breast,
 That ever bub'ling spring, the sugar'd nest

Of her delicious soul, that there does lie,
 Bathing in streams of liquid melody:
 Music's best seed-plot, when in ripen'd airs,
 A golden-headed harvest fairly rears
 His honey-dropping tops, plough'd by her breath,
 Which there reciprocally laboureth:
 In that sweet soil, it seems a holy quire,
 Founded to th' name of great *Apollo's* lyre;
 Whose silver-roof rings with the sprightly notes
 Of sweet-lip'd angel-imps, that swell their throats
 In cream of morning *Helicon*, and then
 Prefer soft anthems to the ears of men,
 To woo them from their beds, still murmuring,
 That men can sleep while they their matins sing:
 Most divine service! whose so early lay,
 Prevents the eye-lids of a blushing day!
 There might you hear her kindle her soft voice,
 In the close murmur of a sparkling noise,
 And lay the ground-work of her hopeful song;
 Still keeping in the forward stream, so long,
 Till a sweet whirlwind, striving to get out,
 Heaves her soft bosom, wanders round about,
 And makes a pretty earthquake in her breast,
 Till the fledg'd notes at length forsake their nest;

Fluttering

Fluttering in wanton shoals, and to the sky,
 Wing'd with their own wild eccho's pratt'ling fly:
 She opes the flood-gate, and lets loose a tide
 Of streaming sweetness, which in state doth ride
 On the wav'd back of every swelling strain,
 Rising and falling in a pompous train;
 And while she thus discharges a shrill peal
 Of flashing airs, she qualifies their zeal,
 With the cool epode of a graver note;
 Thus high, thus low, as if her silver throat
 Would reach the brazen voice of war's hoarse bird;
 Her little soul is ravish'd: and so pour'd
 Into loose extasies, that she is plac'd
 Above herself, music's *Enthusiast*!

Shame now, and anger, mix'd a double stain
 In the musician's face; yet once again,
 Mistress, I come; now reach a strain, my lute,
 Above her mock, or be forever mute:
 Or tune a song of victory to me,
 Or, to thyself, sing thine own obsequy!
 So said, his hands, sprightly as fire he flings,
 And with a quivering coyness tastes the strings:
 The sweet-lip'd sisters, musically frighted,
 Singing their fears, are fearfully delighted

Trembling

Trembling, as when *Apollo's* golden hairs,
 Are fan'd and frizzl'd in the wanton airs
 Of his own breath, which married to his lyre,
 Doth tune the *Spheres*, and make heaven's self look
 higher !

From this to that, from that to this he flies,
 Feels music's pulse in all her arteries ;
 Caught in a net, which there *Apollo* spreads,
 His fingers struggle with the vocal threads,
 Following those little rills, he sinks into
 A sea of *Helicon* ; his hand does go,
 Those parts of sweetness, which with *Nectar* drop,
 Softer than that, which pants in *Hebe's* cup :
 The humorous strings expound his learned touch
 By various glosses ; now they seem to grutch,
 And murmur in a buzzing din, then jingle
 In shrill-tongu'd accents, striving to be single ;
 Every smooth turn, every delicious stroke,
 Gives life to some new grace : thus doth h' invoke
 Sweetness by all her names ; thus, bravely thus,
 Fraught with a fury so harmonious,
 The lute's light *Genius* now does proudly rise,
 Heav'd on the surges of swoln rhapsodies,

Whose

Whose flourish, meteor-like, doth curl the air
 With flash of high-born fancies, here and there,
 Dancing in lofty measures; and, anon,
 Creeps on the soft touch of a tender tone,
 Whose trembling murmurs, melting in wild airs,
 Runs to and fro, complaining his sweet cares;
 Because those precious mysteries that dwell
 In music's ravish'd soul, he dare not tell,
 But whisper to the world: thus do they vary,
 Each string his note, as if they meant to carry
 Their master's blest soul, snatch'd out at his ears,
 By a strong extasy, through all the spheres
 Of music's heaven; and seat it there on high,
 In the *Empyream* of pure harmony!
 At length, after so long, so loud a strife
 Of all the strings, still breathing the best life
 Of blest variety, attending on
 His fingers fairest revolution,
 In many a sweet rise, many as sweet a fall,
 A full-mouth'd *Diapason* swallows all!

This done, he lifts what she would say to this,
 And she, altho' her breast's late exercise,
 Had dealt too roughly with her tender throat,
 Yet summons all her sweet powers for a note:

Alas!

Alas ! in vain ! for while, sweet soul ! she tries
 To measure all those wild diversities,
 Of chatt'ring strings, by the small size of one
 Poor simple voice, rais'd in a natural tone :
 She fails ; and failing grieves ; and grieving dies !—
 She dies ; and leaves her life the victor's prize,
 Falling upon his lute ! O, fit to have,
 That liv'd so sweetly !—dead, so sweet a grave !

WISHES,

W I S H E S,

TO HIS, SUPPOSED, MISTRESS.

W H O E ' E R she be,
That not impossible, she,
That shall command my heart and me :

Where'er she lye,
Lock'd up from mortal eye,
In shady leaves of destiny :

Till that ripe birth
Of studied Fate, stand forth,
And teach her fair steps to our earth :

Till

Till that divine
Idea take a shrine
Of crystal flesh, thro' which to shine :

Meet you her my Wishes,
Bespeak her to my blisses,
And be ye call'd my absent kisses.

I wish her beauty,
That owes not all its duty
To gaudy tire, or glist'ring shoo-ty.

Something more than
Taffata or tissue can,
Or rampant feather, or rich fan,

More than the spoil
Of shop, or silkworm's toil,
Or a bought blush, or a set smile,

A face, that's best
By its own beauty drest,
And can alone command the rest.

A face, made up
Out of no other shop,
Than what Nature's white hand sets ope.

A cheek, where youth,
And blood, with pen of truth
Write, what the reader sweetly rueth.

A cheek, where grows
More than a morning rose:
Which to no box his being owes.

Lips, where all day,
A lover's kifs may play,
Yet carry nothing thence away.

Looks, that oppress
Their richest tires, but dress
And cloath their simplest nakedness.

Eyes, that displace
The neighbour di'mond, and out-face
That sun-shine by their own sweet grace.

Tresses

Tresses, that wear
Jewels, but to declare,
How much themselves more precious are:

Whose native ray,
Can tame the wanton day
Of gems, that in their bright shades play.

Each ruby there,
Or pearl that dare appear,—
Be its own blush,—be its own tear.

A well-tam'd heart,
For whose more noble smart,
Love may be long choosing a dart.

Eyes, that bestow
Full quivers on Love's bow;
Yet pay less arrows than they owe.

Smiles, that can warm
The blood, yet teach a charm,
That chastity shall take no harm.

Blushes,

Blushes, that bin
The burnish of no fin,
Nor flames of ought too hot within.

Joys, that confesse,
Virtue their mistresse,
And have no other head to dresse.

Fears, fond and flight,
As the coy birds, when night,
First does the longing lover right.

Tears, quickly fled,
And vain, as those are shed
For a dying maidenhead.

Days, that need borrow,
No part of their good morrow,
From a fore-spent night of sorrow.

Days, that in spite
Of darkness, by the light
Of a clear mind, are day all night.

Nights,

Nights, sweet as they,
Made short by lover's play,
Yet long by th' absence of the day,

Life, that dares fend,
A challenge to his end,
And when it comes, say, *welcome friend.*

Sydneyan flow'rs
Of sweet discourse, whose pow'rs
Can crown old *Winter's* head with flow'rs.

Soft filken hours;
Open suns; shady bow'rs;
'Bove all; nothing within that low'rs.

Whate'er delight
Can make Day's forehead bright,
Or give down to the wings of night.

In her whole frame,
Have Nature all the name,
Art and ornament the *shame.*

Her

Her flattery,
Picture and poesie,
Her counsel her own virtue be.

I wish, her store
Of worth, may leave her poor
Of Wishes; and I wish——no more.

Now, if Time knows,
That her, whose radiant brows,
Weave them a garland of my vows :

Her, whose just bays,
My future hopes can raise,
A trophy to her present praise.

Her, that dares be,
What these lines wish to see:
I seek not further, it is she.

'Tis she, and here,
Lo, I unclothe, and clear
My Wish's cloudy character.

May she enjoy it,
Whose merit dare apply it,
But modesty dares still deny it.

Such worth as this is,
Shall fix my flying Wishes,
And determine them to kisses.

Let her full glory,—
My fancies, fly before ye,
Be ye my fictions; but — her story.

Go
Bait
Thou
Spent
Go, t
Some
The c
Certa
And v
Only
Go, p
Reme
That
Of ph

IN PRAISE OF LESSIUS,

HIS RULE OF HEALTH.

GO now, with some daring drug,
 Bait the disease, and while they tug,
 Thou to maintain their cruel strife,
 Spend'st the dear treasure of thy life:
 Go, take physic, doat upon
 Some big-nam'd composition,
 The oraculous doctor's mystic bills,
 Certain hard words made into pills:
 And what at length shalt get by these?
 Only a costlier disease.
 Go, poor man, think what shalt be,
 Remedy against thy remedy:
 That which makes us have no need
 Of physic, that's physic indeed.

Hark

Hark hither, reader, would'st thou see,
 Nature her own physician be;
 Would'st see a man, all his own wealth,
 His own phyfic, his own health?
 A man, whose sober soul can tell,
 How to wear her garments well?
 Her garments that upon her sit,
 As garments should do, close and fit?
 A well cloth'd soul that's not oppress'd,
 Nor choak'd with what she should be dress'd?
 A soul sheath'd in a crystal shrine,
 Through which all her bright features shine?
 As when a piece of wanton lawn,
 A thin areal veil is drawn
 O'er beauty's face, seeming to hide,
 More sweetly shews the blushing bride.
 A soul whose intellectual beams,
 No mists do mask, no lazy steams?
 A happy soul, that all the way
 To heaven, hath a summer's day?
 Would'st see a man, whose well warm'd blood,
 Bathes him in a genuine flood?
 A man, whose tuned humours be,
 A set of rarest harmony?

Would'st

Would'st see blithe looks, fresh cheeks beguile
 Age? would'st see *December* smile?
 Would'st see a nest of roses grow,
 In a bed of reverend snow?
 Warm thoughts, free spirits, flattering
 Winter's self into a spring?
 In sum, would'st see a man, that can
 Live to be old, and still a man!
 Whose latest, and most leaden hours,
 Fall with soft wings, stuck with soft flow'rs;
 And, when Life's sweet fable ends,
 Soul and body part like friends:—
 No quarrels, murmurs, no delay;
 A kiss, a sigh, and—so away!
 This rare one, reader, would'st thou see,
 Hark hither; and—thyself be he!

THE BEGINNING OF HELIODORUS.

THE smiling morn had newly wak'd the day,
 And tip'd the mountains in a tender ray:
 When on a hill, whose high imperious brow
 Looks down, and sees the humble *Nile* below
 Lick his proud feet, and haste into the seas,
 Thro' the great mouth, that's nam'd from
Hercules ;

A band of men, rough as the arms they wore,
 Look'd round, first to the sea, then to the shore:
 The shore that shew'd them what the sea deny'd,
 Hope of a prey : there to the main land ty'd,
 A ship they saw, no men she had ; yet prest
 Appear'd with other lading, for her breast
 Deep in the groaning waters wallowed
 Up to the third ring ; o'er the shore was spread
Death's purple triumph, on the blushing ground,
Life's late forsaken houses, all lay drown'd
 In their own blood's dear deluge ; some new dead,
 Some panting in their yet warm ruins bled,

While

While their affrighted souls, now wing'd for
flight,

Lent them the last flash of hot glimm'ring light :

Those yet fresh streams which crawled every
where,

Shew'd, that stern War had newly bath'd him
there :

Nor did the face of this disaster show

Marks of a fight alone : but feasting too ; —

A miserable and a monstrous feast,

Where hungry War had made himself a guest ;

And, coming late, had eat up guests and all,

Who prov'd the feast to their own funeral, &c.

THE

T H E H Y M N,

DIES IRÆ DIES ILLA,

In Meditation of the day of Judgment.

I.

HEAR'ST thou, my soul, what serious things
Both the Psalm and Sybil sings?
Of a sure judge, from whose sharp ray
The world in flames shall melt away?

II.

O that fire! before whose face,
Heav'n and earth shall find no place:
O those eyes! whose angry light
Must be the day of that dread night!

O that

III.

O that trump! whose blast shall run
An even round with th' curling fun;
And urge the murm'ring graves to bring
Pale mankind forth to meet his King!

IV.

Horror of Nature, Hell and Death!
When a deep groan from beneath
Shall cry, we come, we come! and all
The caves of night answer one call.

V.

O that book! whose leaves so bright,
Will set the world in severe light.
O that judge! whose hand, whose eye,
None can endure;—yet none can fly!

Ah

VI.

Ah, then, poor soul, what wilt thou say?
And to what patron chuse to pray?
When stars themselves shall stagger; and,
The most firm foot no more then stand?

VII.

But thou giv'ft leave, dread Lord, that we
Take shelter from thyself in thee;
And with the wings of thine own dove,
Fly to the-sceptre of soft Love.

VIII.

Dear, remember, in that day,
Who was the cause thou cam'ft this way:
Thy sheep was stray'd; and thou would'ft be
Even lost thyself in seeking me!

Shall

IX.

Shall all that labour, all that cost
Of love, and ev'n that loss, be lost?
And this lov'd soul, judg'd worth no less,
Than all that way and weariness?

X.

Just mercy then, thy reck'ning be
With my price, and not with me;
'Twas paid at first with too much pain,
To be paid twice, or once in vain.

XI.

Mercy, my judge! mercy I cry,
With blushing cheek, and bleeding eye,
The conscious colours of my sin,
Are red without, and pale within!

O let

XII.

O let thine own soft bowels pay
Thyself; and so discharge that day:
If sin can figh, love can forgive;
O say the word, my soul shall live!

XIII.

Those mercies, which thy *Mary* found,
Or who thy cross confest and crown'd,
Hope tells my heart, the same loves be,
Still alive, and still for me!

XIV.

Tho' both my pray'rs and tears combine,
Both worthless are; for they are mine,
But thou thy bounteous self still be,
And show thou art, by saving me.

O when

XV.

O, when thy last frown shall proclaim,
The flocks of goats to folds of flame,
And all thy lost sheep found shall be,
Let *come ye blessed*, then call me!

XVI.

When the dread *Ite* shall divide
Those limbs of death from thy left side;
Let those life-speaking lips command,
That I inherit thy right hand.

XVII.

O hear a suppliant heart; all crush'd
And crumbled into contrite dust:
My hope, my fear! my judge, my friend!
Take charge of me, and of my end!

EPITAPH,

E P I T A P H,

ON A YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

PASSENGER, whoe'er thou art,
 Stay a while, and let thy heart
 Take acquaintance of this stone,
 Before thou passest further on ;
 This stone will tell thee, that beneath,
 Is entomb'd the Crime of Death ;
 The ripe endowments of whose mind,
 Left his years so much behind,
 That numb'ring of his Virtue's praise,
 Death lost the reckoning of his days ;
 And believing what they told,
 Imagin'd him exceeding old :
 In him perfection did set forth
 The strength of her united worth ;
 Him, his wisdom's pregnant growth,
 Made so rev'rend, ev'n in youth,
 That in the centre of his breast,—
 Sweet as is the *phœnix* nest !—

Every

Every reconciled grace,
 Had their general meeting place ;
 In him Goodness joy'd to see
 Learning learn humility ;
 The splendor of his birth and blood,
 Was but the gloss of his own good ;
 The flourish of his sober youth,
 Was the pride of naked Truth :
 In composure of his face,
 Liv'd a fair, but manly grace ;
 His mouth was Rhetoric's best mold,
 His tongue the touchstone of her gold :
 What word so'er his breath kept warm,
 Was no word now, but a charm !
 For all' persuasive graces thence,
 Suck'd their sweetest influence ;
 His virtue that within had root,
 Could not choose, but shine without :
 And th' heart-bred lustre of his worth,
 At each corner peeping forth,
 Pointed him out in all his ways,
 Circl'd round in his own rays :
 That to his sweetness all men's eyes,
 Were vow'd Love's flaming sacrifice.

Him

Him, while fresh and fragrant time,
 Cherish'd in his golden prime:
 E'er *Hebe's* hand had overlaid
 His smooth cheeks with a downy shade;
 The rush of Death's unruly wave,
 Swept him off into his grave !

Enough, now, if thou can'st, pass on,
 For now, alas! not in this stone,
 Passenger, who e'er thou art,
 Is he entomb'd, but — in thy heart.

UPON

UPON THE PICTURE OF BISHOP ANDREWS,
BEFORE HIS SERMONS.

THIS reverend shadow cast that setting sun,
Whose glorious course through our horizon run,
Left the dim face of this dull hemisphere,
All one great eye, all drown'd in one great tear!
Whose fair illustrious soul, led his free thought
Through learning's universe, and, vainly, sought
Room for her spacious self, until at length,
She found the way home; and with a holy strength,
Snatch'd herself hence to heaven; fill'd a bright
place,

'Mongst those immortal fires, and on the face
Of her great Maker fix'd her flaming eye,
There still to read true pure divinity!
And now that grave aspect hath deign'd to shrink
Into this less appearance; if you think,
'Tis but a dead face, Art doth here bequeath:
Look on the following leaves, and see him breath.

UPON THE DEATH OF Mr. HERRYS.

A PLANT of noble stem, forward and fair,
 As ever whisper'd to the morning air,
 Thriv'd in these happy grounds; the earth's just
 pride,

Whose rising glories made such haste to hide
 His head in clouds, as if in him alone,
 Impatient Nature had taught motion
 To start from time, and chearfully to fly
 Before, and seize upon maturity:
 Thus grew this gracious plant, in whose sweet
 shade,

The Sun himself oft wish'd to sit, and made
 The morning muses perch like birds, and sing
 Among his branches; yea, and vow'd to bring
 His own delicious phoenix from the blest
Arabia, there to build her virgin nest,
 To hatch herself in, 'mongst his leaves: the day,
 Fresh from the rosy East, rejoic'd to play:

To

To them she gave the first and fairest beam
 That waited on her birth, she gave to them
 The purest pearls, that wept her evening death;
 The balmy *Zephyrus* got so sweet a breath,
 By often kissing them; and now begun
 Glad time to ripen expectation:

The tim'rous maiden blossoms on each bough,
 Peep'd forth from their first blushes; so that now
 A thousand ruddy hopes smil'd in each bud,
 And flatter'd every greedy eye that stood
 Fix'd in delight, as if already there
 Those rare fruits dangled, whence the golden
 year

His crown expected; when, O Fate, O Time!
 That seldom lett'ft a blushing youthful prime,
 Hide his hot beams in shade of silver age!
 So rare is hoary virtue, the dire rage
 Of a mad storm, these bloomy joys all tore,
 Ravish'd the maiden blossoms, and down bore
 The trunk; yet in this ground his precious root
 Still lives, which, when weak Time shall be
 pour'd out

Into eternity, and circular joys
 Dance in an endless round, again shall rise

The

The fair sun of an ever-youthful spring,
 To be a shade for Angels, while they sing!
 Meanwhile, whoe'er thou art, that passest here,
 O, do thou water it with one kind tear!

ON THE FRONTISPIECE OF ISAACSON'S

CHRONOLOGY EXPLAINED.

LET hoary Time's vast bowels be the grave,
 To what his bowels, birth and being gave;
 Let Nature die, and, phoenix like, from death,
 Revived Nature take a second breath;
 If on Time's right hand, sit fair History;
 If, from the seed of empty ruin, she
 Can raise so fair an harvest, let her be
 Ne'er so far distant, yet Chronology,
 Sharp-sighted as the eagle's eye, that can
 Out-stare the broad-beam'd day's meridian,
 Will have a **perspical* to find her out;
 And, thro' the night of error, and dark doubt,
 Discern the dawn of Truth's eternal ray,
 As when the rosy morn buds into day!

Now

* An optical Glass.

Now, that Time's empire might be amply fill'd,
Babel's bold artists strive, below, to build
 Ruin a temple; on whose fruitful fall
 History rears her pyramids, more tall
 Than were th' *Egyptian* ! by the life these give,
 Th' *Egyptian* pyramids themselves must live :
 On these she lifts the world ! and, on their base,
 Shews the two terms and limits of Time's race :—
 That, the Creation is !—the Judgment this !
 That,—the world's Morning !—this,—her Mid-
 night is !

CHARITAS NIMIA,

OR,

THE DEAR BARGAIN.

LORD, what is man? why should he cost thee
So dear? what had his ruin lost thee?
Lord, what is man? that thou hast over-bought,
So much a thing of nought?

Love is too kind, I see, and can
Make but a simple merchant man:
'Twas for such sorry merchandise,
Bold painters have put out his eyes.

Alas,

Alas, sweet Lord! what wer't to thee,
If there were no such worms as we?
Heav'n ne'ertheless, still Heav'n would be;
Should mankind dwell
In the deep hell,
What have his woes to do with thee?

Let him go weep
O'er his own wounds:
Seraphims will not sleep,
Nor Spheres let fall their faithful rounds,

Still would the youthful spirits sing,
And still thy spacious palace ring;
Still would those beauteous ministers of light
Burn all as bright,
And bow their flaming heads before thee,
Still thrones and dominations would adore thee!

Still

Still would those ever-wakeful fons of fire,
Keep warm thy praise
Both nights and days,
And teach thy lov'd name to their noble lyre.

Let forward dust then do its kind,
And give itself for sport to the proud wind :
Why should a piece of peevish clay plead shares
In the eternity of thy old cares ?
Why should'st thou bow thy awful breast to see,
What mine own madneses have done with me ?

Should not the king still keep his throne,
Because some desp'rate fool's undone ?
Or will the world's illustrious eyes,
Weep for every worm that dies ?

Will the gallant sun
E'er the less glorious run ?

Will

Will he hang down his golden head,
Or e'er the sooner seek his western bed,
Because some foolish fly
Grows wanton, and will die?

If I were lost in misery,
What was it to thy heav'n and thee?
What was it to thy precious blood,
If my foul heart call'd for a flood?

What if my faithless soul and I
Would needs fall in
With guilt and sin;
What did the lamb, that he should die?
What did the lamb, that he should need,
When the wolf sins, himself to bleed?

If my base lust,
Bargain'd with Death and well-beseeming dust,
Why should the white
Lamb's bosom write,
The purple name
Of my sin's shame?

Why

Why should his unstain'd breast make good
My blushes, with his own heart-blood?

O, my Saviour! make me see,
How dearly thou hast paid for me!

That lost again, my life may prove,
As then in Death, so now in Love.

EPITAPH

E P I T A P H

UPON MR. ASHTON.

T H E modest front of this small floor,
 Believe me, reader, can say more
 Than many a braver marble can,
Here lies a truly honest man!
 One whose conscience was a thing,
 That troubled neither church nor king;
 One of those few, that in this town,
 Honour all preachers; hear their own:
 Sermons he heard, yet not so many,
 As left no time to practise any;
 He heard them reverently, and then
 His practice preach'd them o'er again;
 His *Parlour-Sermons* rather were
 Those to the eye, than to the ear;
 His prayers took their price and strength,
 Not from the loudness nor the length;
 He was a protestant at home,
 Not only in despite of *Rome*;

H.

He lov'd his *Father*, yet his zeal
 Tore not off his *Mother's* veil.
 To th' church he did allow her drefs,
 True *Beauty* to true *Holinefs*:
Peace, which he lov'd in life, did lend
 Her hand to bring him to his end;
 When *Age* and *Death* call'd for the fcore,
 No furfeits were to reckon for;
Death tore not, therefore, but *fans* ftrife,
 Gently untwin'd his thread of life;
 What remains then, but that thou
 Write thefe lines, reader, in thy brow,
 And by his fair example's light,
 Burn in thy imitation bright:
 So, while thefe lines can but bequeath
 A life, perhaps, unto his death
 His better epitaph fhall be,
 His life ftill kept alive in thee.

DEATH's

DEATH'S LECTURE,

ON THE

FUNERAL OF A GENTLEMAN.

DEAR relics of a dislodg'd soul, whose lack
Makes many a mourning paper put on black ;
O, stay a while, ere thou draw in thy head,
And wind thyself up close in thy cold bed ;
Stay but a little while, until I call
A summons, worthy of thy funeral !
Come then, Youth, Beauty, and Blood !

All ye soft pow'rs,
Whose silken flatteries swell a few fond hours,
Into a false Eternity ! Come man ;
Hyperbolized nothing ! know thy span !
Take thine own measure here ; down, down,
and bow

Before thyself in thine idea ! thou
Huge emptiness ! contract thy bulk, and shrink
All thy wild circle to a point ! O sink
Lower, and lower yet ; till thy small size,
Call heav'n to look on thee with narrow eyes !

Lesser,

Lesser, and lesser yet ; till thou begin
 To shew a face, fit to confess thy kin,
 Thy neighbourhood to nothing !—
 Proud looks, and lofty eye-lids, here put on
 Yourselfs in your unfeign'd reflexion !
 Here, gallant ladies ; this impartial glass,
 Tho' you be painted, shows you your true face !
 These death-seal'd lips, ere they dare give the lie
 To the proud hopes of poor Mortality ! —
 These curtain'd windows, this self-prison'd eye
 Out-stares the lids of large-look'd Tyranny !
 This posture is the brave one ! — this that lies
 Thus low, stands up, methinks, thus, and defies
 The world ! all-daring dust and ashes ! only you,
 Of all Interpreters, read Nature true !

THE

LATIN POETRY.

L

THE
LATIN
POETRY.

IN PICTURAM REVERENDISSIMI EPISCOPI,

D. ANDREWS.

HÆC charta monstrat, fama quem monstrat
magis,

Sed & ipsa nec dum fama quem monstrat satis,
Ille, ille totam solus implevit tubam,
Tot ora solus domuit & famam quoque
Fecit modestam : mentis igneæ pater
Agiliq ; radio lucis æternæ vigil,
Per alta rerum pondera indomito vagus
Cucurrit animo, quippe naturam ferox
Exhaustit ipsam mille, fœtus artibus,
Et mille linguis ipse se in gentes procul
Variavit omnes, fuitq; toti simul
Cognatus orbi ; sic sacrum & solidum jubar
Saturumq; cœlo pectus ad patrios libens
Porrexit ignes : hac eum, lector, vides
Hæc, ecce, charta O utinam & audires quoque.

PRINCIPI

PRINCIPI RECENS NATÆ OMEN MATERNÆ
INDOLIS.

CRESCE, O dulcibus imputanda divis,
O cresce, & propera, puella princeps,
In matris propera venire partes.
Et eum par breve fulminum minorum,
Illine Carolus, & Jacobus inde,
In patris faciles subire famam,
Ducent fata furoribus decoris ;
Cum terror facer, Angliciq; magnum
Murmur nominis increpabit omnem
Lato Bosporon, Ottomanicasque
Non picto quatiet tremore Lunas ;
Te tunc altera nec timenda paci,
Poscent prælia. Tu potens pudici
Vibratrix oculi, pios in hostes
Late dulcia fata dissipabis.
O cum flos tener ille, qui recenti
Pressus fidere jam sub ora ludit,
Olim fortior omne cuspidatos
Evolvet latus aureum per ignes ;

Quiq;

Quiq; imbellis adhuc, adultus olim,
 Puris expatiabitur genarum
 Campis imperiosus Cupido,
 Oquam certa superbiore penna
 Ibunt spicula, melleæque mortes,
 Exultantibus hinc & inde turmis;
 Quoque jufferis, impigre volabunt!
 O quot corda calentium deorum
 De te vulnera delicata discent:
 O quot pectora Principum Magistris
 Fient melle negotium sagittis!
 Nam quæ non poteris per arma ferri,
 Cui matris sinus atque utrumque fidus
 Magnorum patet officinâ Amorum?
 Hinc sumas licet, O puella Princeps,
 Quantacunque opus est tibi pharetra.
 Centum fume Cupidines ab uno
 Matris lumine, Gratiasque centum,
 Et centum Veneres: adhuc manebunt
 Centum mille Cupidines; manebunt
 Ter centum Veneresque Gratiaque
 Puro fonte superstites per avum.

IN SANERISSIMÆ REGINÆ PARTUM

HYEMALEM.

SERTA puer ; quis nunc flores non præbeat
hortus ?

Texe mihi facili pollice ferta, puer.

Quid tu nescio quos narras mihi ; stulte, Decem-
bres

Quid mihi cum nivibus ? da mihi ferta, puer.
Nix ? & hyems ? non est nostras quid tale per
oras ;

Non est : vel si sit, non tamen esse potest.
Ver agitur : quæcunque truem dat larva Decem-
brem,

Quid fera cunque fremant frigora, ver agitur.
Nonne vides quali se palmitum regia vitis

Prodit, & in sacris quæ sedet uva jugis ?
Tam lætis quæ bruma solet ridere racemis ?

Quas hyemis pingit purpura tanta genas ?
O Maria ! O divum soboles, genitrixque deorum !
Siccine nostra tuus tempora ludus erunt ?

Siccine

Siccine tu cum vere tuo nihil horrida brumæ
 Sydera, nil madidos sola morare notos?
 Siccine sub media poterunt tua surgere brumæ,
 Atq; suas solum lilia nosse nives?
 Ergo vel invitis nivibus, freudentibus Austris,
 Nostra novis poterunt regna tumere rosis?
 O bona turbatrix anni, quæ limite noto
 Tempora sub signis non finis ire suis!
 O pia prædatrix hyemis, quæ tristitia mundi
 Murmura tam dulci sub ditione tenes!
 Perge precor nostris vim pulchram ferre Calendis;
 Perge precor menses sic numerare tuos.
 Perge intempestiva atque importuna videri;
 Inque uteri titulos sic rape cuncta tui.
 Sit nobis sit sæpe hyemes sic cernere nostras
 Exhæredatas floribus ire tuis.
 Sæpe sit has vernas hyemes majosq; Decembres,
 Has per te roseas sæpe videre nives.
 Altera gens varium per sydera computet annum,
 Atq; suos ducant per vaga signa dies.
 Nos deceat nimis tantum permittere nimbis?
 Tempora tam tetricas ferre Britanna vices?
 Quin nostrum tibi nos omnem donabimus annum:
 In partus omnem expende, Maria, tuos.

Sic

Sit tuus ille uterus nostri bonus arbiter anni:

Tempus & in titulos tanseat omne tuos.

Namque alia indueret tam dulcia nomina mensis?

Aut qua tam posset candidus ire toga?

Hanc laurum funus sibi vertice vollet utroque;

Hanc sibi vel tota Chloride Majus emet.

Tota suam, vere expulso, respublica florum

Reginam cuperent te, sobolemve tuam.

O bona fors anni, cum cuncti ex ordine menses

Hic mihi *Carolides*, hic *Marianus* erit!

AD REGINAM.

ET vero jam tempus erat tibi, maxima Mater,
 Dulcibus his oculis accelerare diem :
 Tempus erat, no qua tibi basia blanda vacarent ;
 Sarcina ne collo fit minus apta tuo.
 Scilicet ille tuus, timor & spes ille suorum,
 Quo primum es felix pignore facta parens,
 Ille ferox iras jam nunc meditatur & enses
 Jam patris magis est jam magis ille suus.
 Indolis O stimulos ! vix dum illi transit infans ;
 Jamque sibi impatiens arripit ille virum.
 Improbis ille suis adeo negat ire sub annis :
 Jam nondum puer est, major & est puero.
 Si quis in aulæis pictas animatus in iras
 Stat leo, quem docta cuspide lufit acus
 Hostis, io ! est ; neq; enim ille alium dignabitur
 hostem ;
 Nempe decet tantas non miner ira manus.
 Tunc hafta gravis adversum furit, hafta bacillum
 est :
 Mox falsum vero vulnere pectus hiat.

Stat

Stat leo, ceu stupeat tali bene fixus ab hoste ;
 Ceu quid in his oculis vel timeat vel amet,
 Tam torvum, tam dulce micant : nescire fatetur
Mars ne sub his oculis esset, an esset Amor.
 Quippe illic *Mars* est, sed qui bene possit amari ;
 Est & *Amor* certe, sed metuendus Amor :
 Talis *Amor*, talis *Mars* est ibi cernere ; qualis
 Seu puer hic esset, sive vir ille Deus ;
 Hic tibi jam scitus succedit in oscula fratris,
 Res, ecce ! in lusus non operosa tuos.
 Basia jam veniant tua quantacunque caterva :
 Jam quoque tuus murmur ludat amor.
 En ! Tibi materies tenera & tractabilis hic est :
 Hic ad blanditias est tibi cera satis.
 Salve infans, tot basioli, molle argumentum,
 Maternis labiis dulce negotium,
 O salve ! Nam te nato, puer auree, natus
 Et *Carolo* & *Mariæ* tertius est oculus.

IN FACIEM AUGUSTISS. REGIS

à MORBILLIS INTEGRAM.

MUSA redi; vocat alma parens Academia:

Noster

En redit, ore suo noster Apollo redit.

Vultus adhuc suus, & vultu sua purpura tantum

Vivit, & admixtas pergit amare nives.

Tune illas violare genas? tune illa profanis,

Morbe ferox, tentas ire per ora notis?

Tu Phœbi faciem tentas, viniſſime? Noſtra

Nec Phœbe maculas novit habere ſuas.

Ipoſa ſui vindex facies morbum indignatur;

Ipoſa ſedet radiis O bene tuta ſuis:

Quippe illic Deuſeſt, cœlumque & ſanctius aſtrum;

Quippe ſub his totus ridet Apollo genis.

Quod facie Rex tutus erat, Quod cœtera tactus:

Hinc hominem Rex eſt ſaſſus, & inde Deum.

R E X

R E X R E D U X.

ILLE redit, redit. Hoc populi bona murmura
volvunt;

Publicus hoc, audin' ? plausus ad astra refert:
Hoc omni sedet in vultu commune serenum

Omnibus hinc una est lætitiæ facies

Rex noster, lux nostra redit; redeuntis ad ora

Arridet totis Anglia læta genis;

Quisque suos oculos oculis accendit ab istis;

Atque novum sacro sumit ab ore diem.

Forte roges tanto quæ digna pericula plausa

Evadat Carolus, quæ mala, quosve metus:

Anne perrerati male fida volumina ponti

Ausa illum terris pene negare suis:

Hospitis an nimii rursus sibi conscia tellus

Vix bene speratum reddat Ibera caput.

Nil horum; nec enim male fida volumina ponti

Aut sacrum tellus vidit Ibera caput.

Verus amor tamen hæc sibi falsa pericula fingit:

Falsa peric'la solet fingere verus amor,

At Carolo qui falsa timet, nec vera timeret:

Vera peric'la solet temnere verus amor,

Illi falsa timens, sibi vera pericula temnens,
Non solum est fidus, sed quoque fortis amor.
Interea nostri fatis ille est causa triumphi:
Et fatis, ah! nostri causa doloris erat.
Causa doloris erat Carolus, sospes licet effet;
Anglia quod saltem discere posset *Abest.*
Et fatis est nostri Carolus nunc causa triumphi:
Dicere quod saltem possumus, ille redit.



AD PRINCIPEM NONDUM NATUM.

NASCERE nunc; O nunc! quid enim,
puer alme, moraris?

Nulla tibi dederit dulcior hora diem,
Ergone tot tardos, O lente! morabere menses?
Rex redit, Ipse veni, & dic bone, *Gratus ades*.
Nam quid *Ave* nostrum? quid nostri verba
triumphi;

Vagitu melius dixeris ista tuo.

At mancas tamen: & nobis nova causa triumphi:

Sic demum fueris; nec nova causa tamen:

Nam, quoties Carolo novus aut nova nascitur
infans,

Revera toties Carolus ipse redit.



F I N I S.

enim,

ses?

s ades.

verba

phi:

n:

tur